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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1846.

## REVIEWS

*The Life and Correspondence of David Hume.*  
By J. H. Burton, Esq. Edinburgh, Tait.

Lord Brougham's effort to revive the decaying fame of David Hume probably suggested the publication before us. It is a more distinct revelation of individuality than Hume's own memoir, Adam Smith's celebrated letter, or Ritchie's narrative, and though not so vivid as Lord Brougham's sketch, it is more comprehensive and more accurate. Some surprise has frequently been expressed at the neglect of Hume's memory in Scotland; but it is easy to be explained, without exposing his countrymen to the charges of illiberality or ingratitude, which have been freely urged against them. The late Baron Hume was known to have collected his uncle's papers, and to have applied to the families of his correspondents for such of his letters as had been preserved. He was, therefore, believed to be engaged in preparing a biography, and while he lived, no one else would venture on the task. Since his death, the philosophy and history of the eighteenth century have fallen into much disrepute. The scepticism of the former is deemed as irrational as the dogmatism of the latter. We have learned to demand evidence for the grounds of metaphysical doubt and of historical belief. Hume's 'Theory of Morals,' which measures the virtue of actions by their utility, and represents the most refined virtue as but the most enlightened selfishness, has lost much of the influence which it once possessed; it is not indeed stigmatized as false, but, what is far worse for its reputation, it is accepted as partially true. Every man confesses that virtuous actions do all tend, in some greater or less degree, to the advantage of the doer, but few men will now contend that the specific amount of utility is the measure of the approbation which we bestow on such actions. Watt's improvements of the steam-engine have conferred greater advantages on mankind than Howard's improvements of prison discipline; but there is hardly a man to be found who would award to Watt the same amount of moral approbation that he bestows on Howard.

Bonnell Thornton, in a lively essay, showed that the scepticism of the eighteenth century was blended with the most arrogant dogmatism. The nineteenth century rejects both; but favours an eclecticism, which regards past prevalent errors as partial truths, and looks upon fading celebrities as illustrations of that fleeting felicity which is proverbially ascribed to the one-eyed in the city of the blind. Let us take, as an example, Hume's definition of a miracle. He says, "A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature." Careless reasoners might accept the definition, without seeing that it involved, as a consequence, "a miracle is an impossibility"; but when we discover that miracles are phenomena belonging to some more general law than comes within the range of ordinary experience, and which cannot be accurately calculated, on account of the very rarity of the phenomena by which its existence is manifested, we at once see that the ground which Hume has taken is untenable; for there is nothing more common in philosophy than to find sequences of general laws apparent violations of those laws which are more special and more familiar. Among Hume's 'Notes on Natural Philosophy,' we find two assertions, which curiously illustrate his mistaken notion of what really constitutes "laws of nature."

"A proof that natural philosophy has no truth in

it, is, that it has only succeeded in things remote, as the heavenly bodies; or minute, as light. This seems to be a strong presumption against medicines, that they are mostly disagreeable, and out of the common use of life. For the weak and uncertain operation of the common food, &c. is well known by experience. These others are the better objects of quackery."

At the present day, it can hardly be necessary to mention that the physical laws of motion are as successful in the explanation of the shooting of a marble, or the spinning of a peg-top, as in calculating the occultation of a star or the trajectory of a comet. The objection to medical science, that medicines are "out of the common use of life," at once suggests its answer, that diseases are out of the common course of life, and that exceptional cases are not to be treated by ordinary rules. In fact, these objections against physical and medical science have precisely the same foundation as the argument against miracles. Hume has, in the three instances, pronounced condemnation, because he did not obtain a kind of evidence, which the nature of the case would not admit, instead of setting himself to discover what would be the character of evidence specially required by each set of phenomena.

Though we believe that Hume's authority in mental and moral science has been irretrievably overthrown, we are far from asserting that there is no interest in the career of the philosopher, and no importance in his philosophy. The mission of the eighteenth century was to overthrow: it found its consummation in the French revolution. The mission of the nineteenth century is to rebuild; and we must, for this purpose, carefully examine the materials which our predecessors have collected. Some help to an estimate of a system may be derived from studying the character of the man; and we shall endeavour to combine a personal sketch of the author, with a survey of his philosophy.

David Hume was born at Edinburgh, April 26th (O.S.), 1711. His father was descended from a branch of the Home family. The philosopher had more than a fair share of the unphilosophic pride of birth, for we find him dwelling with great fervour on the few distinctions his ancestors had gained in feudal and border warfare. This weakness he shared with Sir Walter Scott; and it seems to be a characteristic trait of the families on the borders. We have no records of David Hume's infancy and childhood. His autobiography scarcely alludes to this period of his existence, an omission which seems to argue a natural coldness of affection, and a want of the tender sympathies. In a letter, written to some unnamed eminent physician, he gives the following curious account of himself, his studies, and his projects:—

"You must know then that, from my earliest infancy, I found always a strong inclination to books and letters. As our college education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics, knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium, by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought, which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an ardour natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business

I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world, but that of a scholar and philosopher."

\* \* Some scurvy spots broke out on my fingers the first winter I fell ill, about which I consulted a very knowing physician, who gave me some medicine that removed these symptoms, and at the same time gave me a warning against the vapours, which, though I was labouring under at that time, I fancied myself so far removed from, and indeed from any other disease, except a slight scurvy, that I despised his warning. At last, about April 1730, when I was nineteen years of age, a symptom, which I had noticed a little from the beginning, increased considerably; so that, though it was no uneasiness, the novelty of it made me ask advice; it was what they call a ptyalism or wateryness in the mouth. Upon my mentioning it to my physician, he laughed at me, and told me I was now a brother, for that I had fairly got the disease of the learned. Of this he found great difficulty to persuade me, finding in myself nothing of that lowness of spirit which those who labour under that distemper so much complain of. However, upon his advice I went under a course of bitters, and anti-hysterical pills, drank an English pint of claret wine every day, and rode eight or ten Scotch miles. This I continued for about seven months after."

The symptoms he proceeds to describe are very like those of robust health:—

"I eat well; I sleep well; have no lowness of spirits, at least never more than what one of the best health may feel from too full a meal, from sitting too near a fire, and even that degree I feel very seldom, and never almost in the morning or forenoon. Those who live in the same family with me, and see me at all times, cannot observe the least alteration in my humour, and rather think me a better companion than I was before, as choosing to pass more of my time with them. This gave me such hopes, that I scarce ever missed a day's riding, except in the winter time; and last summer undertook a very laborious task, which was to travel eight miles every morning, and as many in the forenoon, to and from a mineral well of some reputation."

His mental constitution and projects are revealed a little more distinctly:—

"I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity laboured under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy, of being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience: every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness, without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend. This, therefore, I resolved to make my principal study, and the source from which I would derive every truth in criticism as well as morality. I believe it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us, have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius, and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study, than to throw off all prejudices either for his own opinions or for those of others. At least this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years, I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions. This, with the reading most of the celebrated books in Latin French and English, and acquiring the Italian, you may think a sufficient business for one in perfect health, and so it would had it been done to any purpose; but my disease was a cruel encumbrance on me. I found that I was not able to follow out a train of thought, by one continued stretch of view, but by repeated interruptions, and by refreshing my eye from time to time upon other objects. Yet with this inconvenience I have collected the rude materials for many volumes; but in reducing these to words, when one must bring the idea he comprehended in gross, nearer to him, so as to contemplate its minutest parts, and keep it steadily in his eye, so as to copy these parts in order,—this I found impracticable for me, nor were my spirits equal to so severe an employment. Here lay my greatest calamity. I had no hopes of delivering my opinions with such elegance and neatness, as to draw to me the attention of the world, and I would

rather live and die in obscurity than produce them maimed and imperfect."

He had previously abandoned the study of the law. He informs his correspondent that he found himself unfit to be a travelling governor, and that he had been induced to go to Bristol, in order to enter active life as a merchant. It does not appear that this letter was ever sent to its destination; and we need not follow Mr. Burton in inquiring for whom it was intended. Its value consists in the picture it affords of the physical and mental constitution of a dyspeptic student, who was doubtful whether he most stood in need of a philosopher or a physician to point out the way of recovery. After a brief residence at Bristol, he went to France, just at the time that the miracles said to have been wrought at the tomb of the Abbé Paris excited attention. He mentions the following curious incident of his tour, in a letter acknowledging the receipt of Campbell's 'Dissertation on Miracles':—

"It may perhaps amuse you to learn the first hint, which suggested to me that argument which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits' College of La Flèche, a town in which I passed two years of my youth, and engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging some nonsensical miracle performed lately in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatise of Human Nature, which I was at that time composing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gruelled my companion; but at last he observed to me, that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles;—such observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow, that the freedom at least of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savours plainly of the place of its birth."

In 1739, he published his first work, the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' which he subsequently asserted to have fallen still-born from the press. It, however, contains the philosophic principles which he subsequently developed in his Essays; but so confused in plan, so illogical in arrangement, and so indefinite in language, that it is not easy to discover what is the precise theory which the author is anxious to establish. The basis of his philosophy is thus clearly stated by Mr. Burton:—

"The great leading principle of the metaphysical department, and a principle which is never lost sight of in any part of the book, is, that the materials on which intellect works are the *impressions* which represent immediate sensation, whether externally as by the senses, or internally as by the passions, and *ideas* which are the faint reflections of these impressions. Thus to speak colloquially, when I see a picture, or when I am angry with some one, there is an *impression*; but when I think about this picture in its absence, or call to recollection my subsided anger, what exists in either case is an *idea*. Hume looked from words to that which they signified, and he found that where they signified anything, it must be found among the things that either are or have been impressions. The whole varied and complex system of intellectual machinery he found occupied in the representation, the combination, or the arrangement of these raw materials of intellectual matter. If I say I see an object, I give expression to the fact, that a certain impression is made on the retina of my eye. If I convey to the person I am speaking to an accurate notion of what I mean, I awaken in his mind ideas left there by previous impressions, brought thither by his sense of sight. Thus, in the particular case of the external senses, when they are considered as in direct communication between the mind and any object, there are impressions: when the senses are not said to be in communication with the object, the operations of the mind in connexion with it, are from vestiges which the impressions have left on the mind;

and these vestiges are called ideas, and are always more faint than the original impressions themselves. And a material circumstance to be kept in view at the very threshold of the system is, that there is no specific and distinct line drawn between impressions and ideas. Their difference is in degree merely—the former are stronger, the latter weaker. There is no difference in kind; and there is sometimes doubt whether that which is supposed to be an impression may not be a vivid idea, and that which is supposed to be an idea a faint impression."

This is, in fact, nothing more than a revival of the system of the old Nominalists, and was therefore met by the obvious objection, which centuries before had been urged against their philosophy, "No truths have a clearer and more distinct existence in the mind than the abstract truths of the exact sciences;" and yet, according to Hume's theory, they could not exist as truths at all. That the author felt this difficulty is evident, by his cautious evasion of the application of the sceptical theory to mathematics in his subsequent works, and the difficulty still remains unsolved by his followers.

The part of Hume's theory which has excited most controversy is his account of cause and effect; he resolves causation into simple antecedency, and resolves our belief in the similarity of future sequences of events into the influence of custom. Hence it would follow, that if shoals had been frequently formed near the coasts on which spires had been frequently erected, it would be quite philosophical to assign Tenterden steeple as the cause of the Goodwin Sands. The basis of his error was, that the mind could only grasp what it saw, and as it only received an impression of the fact of sequence, that its knowledge could not go beyond the fact. Now, that our absolute knowledge of causes does not go beyond the fact of invariable antecedency may be fairly conceded, but that our belief in the power of a cause goes much further is obvious; for we not only remember past sequences but predict future effects. This conversion of the past into the future, Hume's theory could not explain; for he would not concede any original or instinctive tendency in the mind to form certain conclusions, irrespective of the force of impressions derived from external and material objects. In his analysis of this theory, Mr. Burton has not sufficiently distinguished between the fact of antecedency and the belief of efficiency, both of which must be taken into account in establishing a perfect theory of causation. We need not dwell further on the subject; our readers will find it fully discussed in Dr. Brown's 'Lectures on the Objects of Physical Inquiry.'

The dogmatism of this work was one cause of its ill success, as Hume himself confessed at a later period of life:—

"That you may see I would no way scruple of owning my mistakes in argument, I shall acknowledge (what is infinitely more material) a very great mistake in conduct, viz. my publishing at all the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' a book which pretended to innovate in all the sublimest paths of philosophy, and which I composed before I was five-and-twenty; above all, the positive air which prevails in that book, and which may be imputed to the ardour of youth, so much displeases me, that I have not patience to review it. But what success the same doctrines better illustrated and expressed, may meet with, *adhuc sub judice lit est*. The arguments have been laid before the world, and by some philosophical minds have been attended to. I am willing to be instructed by the public; though human life is so short, that I despair of ever seeing the decision. I wish I had always confined myself to the more easy parts of erudition; but you will excuse me from submitting to a proverbial decision, let it even be in Greek."

In 1741 he published his 'Moral and Political Essays,' which contained some strong demo-

cratic reasoning, omitted in later editions. One of those suppressed passages, on the liberty of the press, has been recovered by Mr. Burton, and it is one which we would not willingly have lost:—

"We need not dread from this liberty any such ill consequences as followed from the harangues of the popular demagogues of Athens and tribunes of Rome. A man reads a book or pamphlet alone and coolly. There is none present from whom he can catch the passion by contagion. He is not hurried away by the force and energy of action. And should he be wrought up to never so seditious a humour, there is no violent resolution presented to him by which he can immediately vent his passion. The liberty of the press, therefore, however abused, can scarce ever excite popular tumults or rebellions. And as to those murmurs or secret discontents it may occasion, 'tis better they should get vent in words, that they may come to the knowledge of the magistrate before it be too late, in order to his providing a remedy against them. Mankind, 'tis true, have always a greater propensity to believe what is said to the disadvantage of their governors than the contrary; but this inclination is inseparable from them whether they have liberty or not. A whisper may fly as quick, and be as pernicious as a pamphlet. Nay, it will be more pernicious, where men are not accustomed to think freely, or distinguish between truth and falsehood. It has also been found, as the experience of mankind increases, that the people are no such dangerous monster as they have been represented, and that 'tis in every respect better to guide them like rational creatures, than to lead or drive them like brute beasts. Before the United Provinces set the example, toleration was deemed incompatible with good government; and 'twas thought impossible that a number of religious sects could live together in harmony and peace, and have all of them an equal affection to their common country and to each other. England has set a like example of civil liberty; and though this liberty seems to occasion some small ferment at present, it has not as yet produced any pernicious effects; and it is to be hoped that men being every day more accustomed to the free discussion of public affairs, will improve in their judgment of them, and be with greater difficulty seduced by every idle rumour and popular clamour. 'Tis a very comfortable reflection to the lovers of liberty, that this peculiar privilege of Britain is of a kind that cannot easily be wrested from us, and must last as long as our government remains in any degree free and independent. 'Tis seldom that liberty of any kind is lost all at once. Slavery has so frightful an aspect to men accustomed to freedom, that it must steal in upon them by degrees, and must disguise itself in a thousand shapes in order to be received. But if the liberty of the press ever be lost, it must be lost at once. The general laws against sedition and libelling are at present as strong as they possibly can be made. Nothing can impose a farther restraint but either the clapping an imprimatur upon the press, or the giving very large discretionary power to the court to punish whatever displeases them. But these concessions would be such a barefaced violation of liberty, that they will probably be the last efforts of a despotic government. We may conclude that the liberty of Britain is gone for ever when these attempts shall succeed."

Another passage from the 'Essay on Parties in Great Britain,' is curious; the passage between brackets was omitted in all the editions subsequent to the publication of his history, for reasons which will be at once apparent:—

"Some who will not venture to assert, that the real difference between Whig and Tory was lost at the Revolution, seem inclined to think that the difference is now abolished, and that affairs are so far returned to their natural state, that there are at present no other parties amongst us but court and country; that is, men who, by interest or principle, are attached either to monarchy or to liberty. It must indeed be confessed, that the Tory party has of late decayed much in their numbers, still more in their zeal, and I may venture to say, still more in their credit and authority. [There is no man of knowledge or learning, who would not be ashamed

to be thought of parties, the names incontestable appear. Accordingly, the approach, call them an honour, denounce the true Whig, obliged to talk seem to have much hypocrisy, and as well as language however, very much England, with that court and country almost all our lower clergy, at the opposition. bias still hangs weight which turns causes a confusion.

Dr. Leechman, University of to Hume, for to publication letter which rescued from tive form in v. Though we h very which evaded, there italicised, to p "As to the a would, in the both to devotion we commonly morality, and proposition that that nature had tion for whatever tale for what the Deity perfection: an object of any either of the se the understand excite any affe as states and benefactor; an affection, because know him to brings him va invisible infinity his heart perf and natural of country, child stance of the the Deity, may indeed, I am deceive them their breast v degrade him by that men Or they exult his peculiar I by a forced a starts and bow pace. Such man as his d exclude the t Neither of th the senses and knowledge of In most men can never be never so muc First, the ad to the Deity him, is only render these is Mr. Leech figure of spe figure, like impropriety tion, or even does not im Thirdly, th rectly, and my. 'Tis



to be thought of that party; and in almost all companies, the name of *Old Whig* is mentioned as an incontestable appellation of honour and dignity. Accordingly, the enemies of the ministry, and as a reproach, call the courtiers the true *Tories*; and, as an honour, denominate the gentlemen in the *Opposition* the true *Whigs*.] The *Tories* have been so long obliged to talk in the republican style, that they seem to have made converts of themselves by their hypocrisy, and to have embraced the sentiments as well as language of their adversaries. There are, however, very considerable remains of that party in England, with all their old prejudices; and a proof that court and country are not our only parties, is, that almost all our dissenters side with the court, and the lower clergy, at least of the Church of England, with the opposition. This may convince us that some bias still hangs upon our constitution, some extrinsic weight which turns it from its natural course, and causes a confusion in our parties."

Dr. Leechman, Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, sent one of his sermons to Hume, for revision and correction, previous to publication; on this occasion Hume wrote a letter which seems to indicate a desire to be rescued from scepticism, from the argumentative form in which he has ranged his doubts. Though we have no wish to enter on a controversy which Dr. Leechman appears to have evaded, there are two passages which we have italicised, to point them out for comment:—

"As to the argument, I could wish Mr. Leechman would, in the second edition, answer this objection both to devotion and prayer, and indeed to everything we commonly call religion, except the practice of morality, and the assent of the understanding to the proposition that *God exists*. It must be acknowledged, that nature has given us a strong passion of admiration for whatever is excellent, and of love and gratitude for whatever is benevolent and beneficial; and that the Deity possesses these attributes in the highest perfection: and yet I assert, he is not the natural object of any passion or affection. He is no object either of the senses or imagination, and very little of the understanding, without which it is impossible to excite any affection. A remote ancestor, who has left us estates and honours acquired with virtue, is a great benefactor; and yet 'tis impossible to bear him any affection, because unknown to us: though in general we know him to be a man or a human creature, which brings him vastly nearer our comprehension than an invisible infinite spirit. A man, therefore, may have his heart perfectly well disposed towards every proper and natural object of affection—friends, benefactors, country, children, &c.—and yet, from this circumstance of the invisibility and incomprehensibility of the Deity, may feel no affection towards him. And, indeed, I am afraid that all enthusiasts mightily deceive themselves. Hope and fear perhaps agitate their breast when they think of the Deity; or they degrade him into a resemblance with themselves, and by that means render him more comprehensible. Or they exult with vanity in esteeming themselves his peculiar favourites; or at best they are actuated by a forced and strained affection, which moves by starts and bounds, and with a very irregular, disorderly pace. Such an affection cannot be required of any man as his duty. Please to observe, that I not only exclude the turbulent passions, but the calm affections. Neither of them can operate without the assistance of the senses and imagination; or at least a more complete knowledge of the object than we have of the Deity. In most men this is the case; and a natural infirmity can never be a crime. But, secondly, were devotion never so much admitted, prayer must still be excluded. First, the addressing of our virtuous wishes and desires to the Deity, since the address has no influence on him, is only a kind of rhetorical figure, in order to render these wishes more ardent and passionate. This is Mr. Leechman's doctrine. Now, the use of any figure of speech can never be a duty. Secondly, this figure, like most figures of rhetoric, has an evident impropriety in it; for we can make use of no expression, or even thought, in prayers and entreaties, which does not imply that these prayers have an influence. Thirdly, this figure is very dangerous, and leads directly, and even unavoidably, to impiety and blasphemy. 'Tis a natural infirmity of men to imagine that

their prayers have a direct influence; and this infirmity must be extremely fostered and encouraged by the constant use of prayer. Thus, all wise men have excluded the use of images and pictures in prayer, though they certainly enliven devotion; because 'tis found by experience, that with the vulgar these visible representations draw too much towards them, and become the only objects of devotion."

The existence of God is something more than an abstract proposition: a mere assent to it is not religion nor a part of religion; we cannot believe the fact, without being forced to investigate the character of His existence, and the consequences which it involves to us. If it involves no consequences, there is an end of the matter; for an existence which in nowise affects us is practically nothing. The proposition which Hume concedes cannot, therefore, be held alone; and he seems to have felt this himself by substituting for "belief," the cautious phrase, "assent of the understanding."

It appears to us very possible to feel affection for a remote ancestor or a great benefactor, though separated from us by an interval of centuries; nay, more, we believe it possible to have an affection for idealities, to admire ideal beauty and to reverence ideal virtue. The affection of a poet for the creatures of his imagination is as real as that which he feels for the members of his family. This touches at the great defect of the Nominalist philosophy; it represents the emotions as absolute slaves to the perceptive powers, and denies that the heart can feel until the head is convinced. Hume, in fact, insinuates this when he denies that we can have calm affection "without a more complete knowledge of the object than we have of the Deity;" but we deny that our emotions are at all proportioned to our amount of knowledge. If so, our delight in a beautiful landscape would be increased by a knowledge of the geological formation of the country. Indistinctness is an element in all powerful emotions; "A spirit stood before mine eyes, but I could not discern the form thereof," is unrivalled as a terror,—man is something more than a piece of perceptive mechanism in which every movement is proportioned to the amount of external force brought to act on his material or sensorial organization.

Some miserable verses which Mr. Burton ascribes to Hume, are adduced to prove that he was susceptible of the tender passion: it is not worth while to contest their authenticity; there are many references to love in his *Essays*, and he discusses the subject with as much indifference as he would a problem in Euclid, and writes about it as specifically as if he had mistaken a system of love for a system of logic.

In 1748 Hume published his 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding,' which he intended to supersede his 'Treatise of Human Nature.' Like its predecessor, it was little read, and is now almost unknown; in this, however, he has laid down his views of historical criticism, which deserve attention, as they will help us in our estimate of his character as a historian:—

"It is universally acknowledged, that there is a great uniformity among the actions of men, in all nations and ages, and that human nature remains still the same in its principles and operations. The same motives always produce the same actions; the same events follow from the same causes. Ambition, avarice, self-love, vanity, friendship, generosity, public spirit; these passions, mixed in various degrees, and distributed through society, have been, from the beginning of the world, and still are, the source of all the actions and enterprises which have ever been observed among mankind. Would you know the sentiments, inclinations, and course of life of the Greeks and Romans? study well the temper and actions of the French and English: you cannot be much mistaken in transferring to the former most of the observations which you have made with regard to the latter. Mankind are so much the same, in all

times and places, that history informs us of nothing new or strange in this particular. Its chief use is only to discover the constant and universal principles of human nature, by showing men in all varieties of circumstances and situations, and furnishing us with materials from which we may form our observations, and become acquainted with the regular springs of human action and behaviour. These records of wars, intrigues, factions, and revolutions, are so many collections of experiments, by which the politician or moral philosopher fixes the principles of his science, in the same manner as the physician or natural philosopher becomes acquainted with the nature of plants, minerals, and other external objects, by the experiments which he forms concerning them. Nor are the earth, water, and other elements, examined by Aristotle and Hippocrates, more like to those which at present lie under our observation, than the men described by Polybius and Tacitus are to those who now govern the world. Should a traveller, returning from a far country, bring us an account of men wholly different from any with whom we were ever acquainted, men who were entirely divested of avarice, ambition, or revenge, who knew no pleasure but friendship, generosity, and public spirit, we should immediately, from these circumstances, detect the falsehood, and prove him a liar, with the same certainty as if he had stuffed his narration with stories of centaurs and dragons, miracles and prodigies. And if we would explode any forgery in history, we cannot make use of a more convincing argument than to prove, that the actions ascribed to any person are directly contrary to the course of nature, and that no human motives, in such circumstances, could ever induce him to such a conduct. The veracity of Quintus Curtius is as much to be suspected, when he describes the supernatural courage of Alexander, by which he was hurried on singly to attack multitudes, as when he describes his supernatural force and activity, by which he was able to resist them. So readily and universally do we acknowledge a uniformity in human motives and actions, as well as in the operations of body."

In the clever pamphlet, attributed to the Archbishop of Dublin, 'Historic Doubts respecting Napoleon,' it is shown that if Hume's canons of truth were true, it would be impossible for such a man as Napoleon to have existed. The cardinal error in Hume's statement is, that we readily and universally acknowledge a uniformity in human motives and actions: we do no such thing; we look for exceptional cases, and in them we find frequently the test of historic truth. The proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction," rests on this very basis, that a novelist holds himself bound to assign adequate motive, while inadequacy of motive to result is one of the most common phenomena in life.

#### *The New Timon; a Romance of London. In Four Parts. Colburn.*

THE 'New Timon' has sung his song, said his say, spit his spite,—yet our political and literary worlds are still as tranquil as if no satirist shrewder than Crabbe and more poetical than Byron (to quote the puffs) had done his utmost to disturb their general "stagnor" (to quote the poem). A few coteries may have been stirred into curiosity by the workings of the well-worn machinery of "private copies," smart inscriptions, and industriously-circulated rumours (this new Romance having been affiliated to nearly as many parents as were 'Cecil' and 'The Lady of Lyons'), and *Punch* has been aroused to treat with a thwack of his "wife-compelling stick" the anonymous assailant of Alfred Tennyson; but this is all—scarcely enough, our readers will admit, to instal an author obviously in agonies to occupy a high pedestal among the poets of England.

The author, as has been already said, [*ante*, p. 12] is of course known to us. Let us respect his mask, transparent though it be. Cleverly has he contrived to shift suspicion from his own shoulders, by closely imitating



the ways and humours of a popular living novelist, dramatist and baronet. How Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton will like this it is not easy to divine; but in the subject of this poem and its treatment, in style of metaphor, choice of language, favourite speculations, and favourite authors quoted, the author of 'Pelham' is aped with the malicious closeness of a mocking-bird. Who, for instance, can disentangle the incidents of the new Romance without being reminded at every step of 'Alice,' 'Night and Morning,' and other well-known fictions? Morvale, a half savage Anglo-Indian, and his sister Calantha, live in a sort of oriental splendour and solitude in London,—kept from intimate communion by some unexplained suspicion or grief. Returning from one of his night-wanderings, the New Timon finds a lonely wanderer seated on a step, homeless, friendless, beautiful: and with the breeding and bearing of one who has seen better days. He bids her follow him; at once adopts her (!)—places her in attendance on the fading Calantha, his sister; and presently learns to love her, won by a nature described in some of the best lines of the poem:—

It was not Mirth, for Mirth she was too still,  
It was not Wit, Wit leaves the heart more chill;  
But that continuous sweetness which with ease  
Pleases all round it, from the wish to please.  
This was the charm that Lucy's smile bestowed;  
The waves' fresh ripple from deep fountains flowed.  
Below exhaustless gratitude—above  
Woman's meek temper—childhood's ready love.

Lucy has hardly succeeded in enthralling Morvale's affections, are another character is introduced,—parcel Pelham, parcel Lumley Ferrers, a rich lord, whose more expensive magnificence is the only contemporary thing which rivals the saturnine pomp of the Anglo-Indian's household.

They met, grew friends—the Sybarite and the stern.  
(The line is not Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's, but from 'The New Timon'), and Arden tells his story,—the old tale of ambition and worldly wisdom driving love and pity out of the heart; of a youth compelled to tear himself away from the clergyman's daughter, to whom he believed himself privately married; both youth and bride in this deceived by the confidential go-between, a—

Scapin to serve and Machiavel to plot,  
Red-haired, thin-lipp'd, sly, supple,—and a Scot!  
who had, for his own ends, provided a false licence and a false priest. The man leaves England for fame and fortune in foreign lands; the woman avoids, in shuddering anguish, all chance of restoration, embraces her shame and dies; leaving behind her a daughter. This woman was Lucy's mother! But worse; it is disclosed that Arden, whom remorse had hardened into licentiousness, was the man who had managed, during the time when Calantha and Morvale lived apart—she in Italy, he in the East—to cast a stain on the lady's name; her brother's gloom and their mutual mistrust arising from his having penetrated her secret. Cannot any one versed in the "author of Pelham's" novels imagine how his imitator brings all these combustible matters together, so as to cause an explosion? The portrait of Lucy's false father, and of Calantha's false lover, prove studies from the same original. The latter lady dies of a broken heart, and Morvale receives the Lothario beside his sister's death-bed—demands a reckoning, which ends in the restoration of the child, whom Arden had so long sought, in the vain hope of proffering a late reparation. Here, too, the romance should have ended; but our romantic satirist—the Baronet's shadow—knows that "the boxes" do not like to be sent home "weeping to their beds," so has added a fourth part, in which we see how the tiger Resentment is tamed in the Indian, and how Arden is "spirited away," so as to clear the stage for the betrothal

of Morvale to his beloved by the grave-side of Lucy's mother, at which

Sudden rose up, above the funeral yew,  
The moon: her beams the funeral shade suffuse.  
Thus in that light the tender accents cease,  
And by the grave *vous* Love, and o'er creation Peace!

The confusion of past and present in the four lines just cited, to say nothing of the Della-Cruscanism of the expressions, reveal the author's original manner as a poet. But, ere we offer a word concerning his individual claims, let us prove his talent as a mimic, by pointing out a few among the hundred instances where copying becomes almost identity. The author of 'The New Timon,' after displaying "the inspired" as beginning where "the natural" ends, adds—

—the There explains the Here!

What is this but an echo of Sir Edward's mysterious line—

The Future is the haven of the Now!

The author of 'The New Timon' cites Young with predilection, so does Sir Edward,—parades the merits of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, as a poet too little prized by us, so did the editor of *The New Monthly*,—singles out the "Psyche" at Naples, which, *papa!* Sir Edward, too, was the first to place in its position among antiques,—loves to intermix his language with Scotticisms, such as "glamour," "trysting tree," &c., even as the author of 'The Last of the Barons,'—mentions, as Sir Edward's 'Richelieu' did, how

—Lysander never deem'd it sin  
To eke the lion's with the fox's skin.

We really hope that the author of the drama aforesaid will be down upon this 'New Timon' for this close adoption of his peculiarities. He has already, we observe, caused a formal statement to be put forth, in denial of the authorship: for the correction of such as have mistaken imitation for originality. How shameless his mimic is we will now prove, and then let him go his ways, and appeal to posterity against the *Athenæum* in a preface to a third edition.

Before he betakes himself to the slaughtering of Mr. Tennyson, our satirist makes an avowal, as strangely worded as it is strangely modest:—

I seek no purged prettiness of phrase (!)  
A soul in earnest scorns the tricks for praise.

No tawdry grace shall womanize my pen,  
Even in love-song men should write for men.

O most Corinthian Timon! What has the votary of Pope and Dryden—one who classes 'Mariana in the Moated Grange' with Hayley's 'Serena,' because of its "frippery,"—what has such a bold stickler for bold English, we ask, to do with such a Teutonic compound as "odour-pomp,"—with such a mysterious piece of no-meaning as—

The larva of the brain that wizard keep  
The spectral memory gleaming through our sleep!  
—what, with such a line as—

The elme that suits the tender is Repose,  
a scrap of tawdry, which might be fresh from the mint of Merry?

The showy characters of our political leaders (in which, by the way, the manner of the concise, prose, personal sketches in 'England and the English' is closely imitated) have already gone the round of the papers. Without them, few, we suspect, would have troubled themselves to read 'The New Timon';—in spite of its occasionally happy phrases that look like apothegms, and its passages of glowing verbiage which almost deceive us into fancying them descriptions.

*Russia under the Autocrat Nicholas I.* By Ivan Golovine, a Russian Subject. 2 vols. London, Colburn.

Mr. Ivan Golovine, the author of these volumes, is a Russian gentleman of rank: he obtained permission to travel, and visited Paris, where

he resolved to write a treatise on political economy. Some Russian spy denounced either him or his book, and he was recalled to St. Petersburg. Fearing that this might become a stage on the road to Siberia, he made illness a pretence for disobedience. Sentence was pronounced against him as contumacious, his property was confiscated, and orders were issued for his arrest should he venture to appear in the Russian territory. In the hope of serving the country from which he is banished, by directing the attention of Europe to its condition, he has published what he declares to be a faithful portrait of the Russian Government and its subjects. We have had so many descriptions of Russia within the last few years, that the general outlines of its social state are sufficiently known, and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to such portions of this work as either afford new information, or illustrate and confirm what former writers have left doubtful or obscure. This is his general sketch of Russian life:—

"What a happy lot is that of the Russian nobles! they live like kings or demi-gods! A noble retired to his estate with a handsome wife, at the head of some thousands of peasants, with large revenues, passes days of delight, and enjoys an existence which has not its parallel in the whole world! You an absolute sovereign on your own estates: all cringe and bow before you; all crawl in the dust, and tremble at the sound of your voice. If you order a hundred or two *coups de bâton* to be inflicted on Peter or John, your order will be executed, and his back will immediately become as black as a coal. You have merely to throw your handkerchief to any woman who pleases you: you are not a sultan but nothing. \* \* This is a complete picture of Russia. Men vegetate here; they seek excuses for everything and say that the end makes amends for all. The noble imagines himself free, and thinks that he has only to blame himself if he exchanges his liberty for offices, for distinctions, and becomes a servant instead of a sovereign master. He has his court, his residence, his estate—let him remain there. The serf thinks that his condition is natural, fixed by the decrees of Providence, and that he would be infinitely more wretched if he were free. The military man thinks of nothing; he has no time left to do so, and he is kept in perpetual exercise to fill up his leisure. The civil officer thinks only of adorning his button-hole, or filling his pocket, and all move by the force of the iron will of the Sovereign."

Our author asserts that the whip may be taken as the type of Russian civilization:—

"Meantime all is quiet, men do not complain openly, except where they are not afraid of being overheard,—at home, or in some desert spot; they lower their voice in the towns; they do not draw a syllable in the capitals; they groan and writhen under the Imperial rod; they beat or are beaten; are either hammer or anvil; nay, they are both at the same time. Happy those who can choose! The Emperor abuses his courtiers, and they revenged themselves on their subordinates, who not finding words sufficiently energetic, raise their hand against those, who in their turn, finding the hand too light, arm themselves with a stick, which further on is replaced by the whip. The peasant is beaten by every body; by his master, when he condescends so far to demean himself; by the steward and the *stanovoi* by the public authorities, the *stanovoi* or the *ispavnik* by the first passer by, if he be not a peasant. The poor fellow on his part has no means to indemnify himself, except on his wife or his horse; and accordingly, most women in Russia are beaten, and it excites one's pity to see how the horses are used. At St. Petersburg there is a continual smacking of whips, and all the blows fall on those poor animals. Peter I. in his ardour for reform, ought to have substituted for the Russian whip, a long lash, in using which the coachmen would lose their love of whipping, because they only beat the air."

Commercial and trading morality is, he tells us, at a very low ebb in Russia:—

"Cheating is carried to such excess in Russia, that one might be tempted to say, it is in the air or in the blood. Russian commerce and manufactures are

unquestionably in China and Japan. The plain of it, receive, with cloth, find pig grease instead of vain repeated the Emperor them. A Government killed by the evidently no which he res effect."

As Mr. Censorship rally feels a more direct he relates vigilance with signature of R

"M. Kuku Hand of the classic Czarist the poet, who of 1825, tr Sovereign, w encouraged h rence, that o honest." M. this famous his family, d by a gen-d had so grea author was t Court. On ing purpo High has ac the country, Nobody in l the Empero a question o once given h if he rema if he Adjou turin, he adJ svered with heads upon

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"A young diamonds for night. He after having and showed hastened to pay," said t observed th procure auc quietly lock monds. T General Ka what had ju mid the chi a haughty n and brought an old acqu him go. A of the com burg. The recompens replied, "I me the wa It was, in f from him mained in

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unquestionably the most dishonest in the world China and England have had equal reason to complain of it. The Chinese, who are too suspicious to receive, without examination, the rolls of Russian cloth, find pieces of wood inside; the English receive grease instead of tallow. Their Government has in vain repeatedly protested against these abuses, and the Emperor has in vain issued decrees to suppress them. A Frenchman, who was appointed by the Government to unmask all this fraud, was well nigh killed by the manufacturers; and the officers have evidently not been proof against the seductions which he resisted, for his denunciations have had no effect."

As Mr. Golovine was a sufferer from the rigid censorship of Russia, even in Paris, he naturally feels a sympathy for those authors who are more directly under the Czar's influence, and he relates many curious illustrations of the vigilance with which Nicholas watches the literature of Russia:—

"M. Kukolnick brought out a play, called 'The Hand of the Most High,' which was replete with classic Czarism. The delighted Czar sent for him; the poet, who had a brother implicated in the revolt of 1825, trembled when he appeared before the Sovereign, who inquired the cause of his fear, and encouraged him by saying, 'It is an every day occurrence, that of two brothers, one is base and the other honest.' M. Polevoi, who ventured to find fault with this famous play, was arrested at Moscow, torn from his family, dragged to St. Petersburg, and escorted by a gen-d'armes in a courier's car, and this shock had so great an effect upon him, that the liberal author was transformed into a fulsome parasite of the Court. On this occasion, some verses of the following purport were made:—'The Hand of the Most High' has accomplished three prodigies,—it has saved the country, elevated Kukolnick, and ruined Polevoi. Nobody in Russia dares to differ in opinion from the Emperor, even on the most trifling subject; on a question of art, or of literature. When he has once given his opinion nothing remains but to accede to it or remain silent. I one day asked a journalist if he would give a review of the History of M. Baturin, Adjutant-General to the Emperor? he answered with much simplicity, 'I have not got two heads upon my shoulders.'"

Mr. Golovine gives a frightful account of the Russian system of police; he describes all engaged in it as tyrannical and corrupt, and avers that the government connives at their rapacity and cruelty. Among other details, the following may be quoted as illustrative:—

"A young man on his wedding-day hired some diamonds for his bride which were stolen during the night. He waited on the commissary of police, who, after having heard his complaint, opened his desk and showed him the jewels. The young man hastened to take them. 'There are 6,000 rubles to pay,' said the commissary. The poor young man observed that, as he lived on his salary, he could not procure such a sum; upon which the commissary quietly locked the drawer which contained the diamonds. The bridegroom immediately hastened to General Kakoschkin, and gave him the particulars of what had just transpired. 'I have no such officers,' said the chief of the police; and dismissed him with a haughty air. A man took a robber in the very act, and brought him to the police office. 'Oh, that is an old acquaintance,' said the commissary, and let him go. A certain physician had attended the family of the commissary of the first district of St. Petersburg. The latter, on asking him how he could recompense him for his attendance, the physician replied, 'If you would do me a great pleasure, give me the watch that is hanging up against the wall.' It was, in fact, the very watch which had been stolen from him some time previous, and had since remained in the hands of the police."

The personal character of the Emperor is delineated in very dark colours. We cannot vouch for, and much doubt, the authenticity of the anecdotes which are related of his tyranny, but as Mr. Golovine has named many of the victims, he has furnished the means of refutation if his charges are groundless:—

"M. Tschedeff was declared mad by order of his Imperial Majesty, for having ventured to write in a Moscow Review that 'it was not possible to pass four-and-twenty hours in a reasonable manner in Russia, because the Russians are not Europeans; because one Czar has opened for them a frozen window towards Europe; because another has led them about at beat of drum; and, lastly, for having added that 'Russia has retarded her advance in civilization by preferring the Greek to the Roman Catholic religion.' Boldoreff, the censor, who had suffered this article to pass, was banished to the Monastery of Vassilevsk, and M. Tschedeff was subject to a daily visit from a physician, who poured a glass of cold water upon his head. Angel, a subaltern officer, was condemned by a court-martial for some act of insubordination, and the Emperor enhanced the punishment. A grenadier, who seemed disposed to kill his captain, who frequently struck him without reason, was condemned to run the gauntlet. The Emperor wrote with his own hand, that the first 1000 blows should be given him on the head. Prince Sangschko was condemned to be transported to Siberia, for having taken a part in the Polish Revolution. The Emperor added to the sentence, 'that he should perform the journey on foot.' Madame Gracholska went with her son to visit her husband, who had emigrated to Switzerland, and the child begged that he might stay with his father. The Emperor caused the mother to be brought to trial on her return to Russia. The nobles of the government of Podolia made a subscription to furnish her with means to perform the journey to Siberia, whither she was sentenced. The subscription amounted to 14,000 rubles. Nicholas ordered 13,000 rubles to be kept back for the benefit of the invalids, saying that 1,000 rubles was ample for the journey in the Polish campaign!"

The Emperor, Mr. Golovine says, need not always take the trouble of formally adding to the severity of a sentence; a private hint to an executioner is quite sufficient:—

"It is not even necessary that a criminal should receive sentence of death before he can be put to death. The executioner can kill a man with a single stroke of the knout or *pleite*. A culprit may be suffered to perish under the gauntlet; the surgeon who attends the sufferer need only be told to shut his eyes, and he is thus dispensed from all responsibility. Again, the executioner may, either by wilful or involuntary awkwardness, break the sword of a noble, in pursuance of the sentence of condemnation, upon his head instead of breaking it above his head, and bear rather too hard, without having precisely received any express instruction on the subject. Such a circumstance occurred in 1836. M. Pavlof stabbed M. Apralef on leaving the church where the latter had just been married to Mademoiselle K., after having promised to marry the sister of M. Pavlof, whom he had seduced. By command of the Emperor, the latter was tried within twenty-four hours, and sentenced to degradation; the executioner fractured his skull in breaking his sword."

Mr. Golovine has a chapter on Russian literature. The names of the authors are, for the most part, unknown in western Europe, and lead us to wish, with Voltaire, that the Russians had more sense and fewer consonants. Griboïédof, who, unlike most of his countrymen, rejoices in a superfluity of vowels, is named as the best dramatist. We shall quote the account given of his best comedy, 'The Misfortune of Genius':

"Moltschaline is the worthy representative of the Russian employé; his very name, which signifies to hold one's tongue, admirably expresses the quality which most distinguish every employé in Russia, and which Griboïédof has so cleverly portrayed in these words:—'You must not have an opinion of your own.' His dialogue with Tschatski reveals a distinguished painter of manners. 'Tschatski. Now that we have an opportunity to say a word to one another, Dmitri Alexandrovitch what is now your mode of life?' 'Moltschaline. The same as it used to be.' 'Tschat. And formerly, how did you live?' 'To-day as yesterday; from the pen to cards, from cards to the pen; ebb and flow have their fixed hour.' 'Molt. Since I have been in the archives, I have had three rewards. 'Tschat. Ranks and grandeur tempted you, I suppose?' 'Molt. Everyone to

his talent.' 'Tschat. What is yours?' 'Molt. I have two—sobriety and regularity.' 'Tschat. Magnificent ones, forsooth, and worth all ours put together.' 'Molt. The ranks have not smiled upon you; you have not prospered in the service.' 'Tschat. Ranks are given by men, and men are liable to make mistakes.' The Russian young ladies are cleverly hit off in these few words. 'Our young ladies understand how to prank themselves in taffeta and crape; they cannot utter a word with simplicity, but only in a charmingly mincing manner; they sing French ballads, taking the highest notes; they attach themselves to military officers because they are themselves patriots. And what of our old ones? When once they perk up their heads, and clap themselves down to the table to talk over matters, every word is a verdict, for they are all thoroughbred; and sometimes they run on about government in such a way, that, if any spy were to overhear what they say, woe betide them!"

Pouschkin's poetry has been translated into French and German; some interesting particulars of his life appeared a few years ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, accompanied by specimens of his poems, which, even under the disadvantages of a prose version, merited and obtained attention. Mr. Golovine quotes the description he has given of the Circassians in his 'Prisoner of the Caucasus':—

"He watched for whole hours how at times the agile Circassian, in a vast desert, in a long-haired cap and black bourka, inclining over the pommel of the saddle, supporting himself with the neat foot in the stirrup, flew along at the will of his courser, and accustomed himself beforehand to war.

"He admired the beauty of his simple and martial dress. The Tscherkess is covered with armour, of which he is both proud and fond. He wears a coat of mail, and carries a musket, the Cuban bow and quiver, the dagger, and the sabre, the trusty associate of his toils and his leisure. Nothing fatigues him; no sound betrays his presence. On foot or on horseback, he is always the same, invincible and indomitable. A terror to the careless Cossacks, his wealth is a mettlesome horse bred in the mountains, his faithful and patient companion.

"What art thou musing on, Cossack? Thou art calling to mind past years, thy bivouac in a tumultuous camp, the conquering shouts of the regiments, and thy country. Perfidious reverie! Farewell to the free *stanitz*, the paternal hearth, the silent Don, war and cherry-cheeked damsels! A secret foe steals to the bank, the arrow is drawn from the quiver, away it flies, and the Cossack falls upon the blood-stained hill."

The great financial and commercial questions which now engage the attention of Parliament and the country give interest to Mr. Golovine's account of the industrial condition of Russia. According to him, English farmers have no reason to fear the competition of Russian agriculturists:—

"In Russia, agriculture is in the primitive state, a state of alarming backwardness. Dearth occurs periodically: more or less general, they happen regularly every five or six years, and each time bring the country to the brink of ruin. The fault of this is not, as one would be tempted to believe, in the severity and inconstancy of the climate, but in the deplorable state of agriculture, which in Russia has not yet profited by the progress which it has made in other countries; it is likewise owing to the insufficiency of the ways of communication, in consequence of which certain parts of the empire are sometimes glutted with corn, while others are suffering famine, without any possibility for the former to afford assistance to the latter. To this cause must be likewise attributed in a great measure the enormous differences that are remarked in the prices of grain; they are sometimes at 1 to 10, not only according to years, but even according to localities. Pasturage, that test of agriculture, is an object of no attention. Artificial meadows are generally unknown, and irrigation and draining still more so. The cattle spoil the grass, and the hay that is made is ill dried and badly preserved. A simple routine presides over all the operations of agriculture. People sow, cut, and harvest,



not at suitable seasons, but at such times as their forefathers were accustomed to do, reckoning from certain holidays, which are more or less moveable according to the ancient calendar in force in this country."

Mr. Golovine dwells strongly on the evil effects of the Russian protective tariff:—

"The Russian government merely confines itself to securing manufacturers against all foreign competition, which causes them to persevere in their apathy and incapacity. To protect three or four thousand Russian manufacturers, it imposes annoying privations and excessive expense on millions of consumers; and, in spite of this factitious protection, the Russian manufacturers cannot compete with those of other countries. The raw materials, workmanship, living, are five times as cheap in Russia as in England, and notwithstanding this immense advantage, Russian manufactured goods are fifty and one hundred per cent. dearer than those of English production. Foreign manufacturers are not easily tempted to settle in Russia, though capitals there yield double and treble what they produce in other countries. The cause of this is the insecurity of property, the deplorable state of legislation and the judicial system, and the little consideration which persons engaged in the pursuits of industry enjoy either with the government or in the public opinion. So long as foreign competition does not excite the Russian manufacturers to produce goods of better quality, and so long as instruction shall not have descended to them, one cannot expect to see industry prosper, nor even those branches of it which are, in some measure, the exclusive property of Russia. Thus the hemp, the leather, the metals, which Russia produces in quantity or in quality superior to other countries, have not yet become objects of perfect elaboration. The Russians have still to learn the art of producing varnished leather and leather for carriages; and if their sail-cloth is of good quality, the fine cloths must be imported from abroad. Their imitations in bronze are all servile copies, and cannot sustain a comparison with those of France. The bad taste of the silks surpasses anything that can be conceived, and their quality is notoriously very inferior. In woollen cloths they succeed only with the most ordinary qualities, and nothing but the excessive cheapness of these enables them to compete with foreign woollens."

We have extracted freely from these volumes, and have only to add, that the chapters on the administration and legislation of Russia are written in a liberal, discriminating spirit.

*The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Cambridge, (U.S.) Owen. London, Wiley & Putnam.

WE have already spoken, at various times, of the poems of Professor Longfellow; and find no text, on a re-perusal of the examples reprinted in the present volume, demanding a comment different from that which we have already given. The book before us is a cheap republication of a portion of the poems which appeared in a larger and illustrated edition, noticed by us some time since [No. 950].—Every new volume of poems that comes to us from America, where it is worth any remark at all, suggests a repetition of such remarks as we have made on former occasions,—and, latterly, when writing, a fortnight since [No. 957], on the poetry of Mr. Poe. In speaking even of these finer and more transcendental issues of the American continent, we are tempted to the language which seems best suited to the present predominating phase of its general mind. In her very spiritualities, America is a dealer, rather than a producer. What she exports she can scarcely be said to grow. The American bard has no faith in his native Muses. Europe is the Mecca of his poetical superstition;—England the Jerusalem of his imaginative worship; and when, at length, the harp is taken down from the trees where for centuries it has hung tuneless, it is but to sing the old songs of his poetical Zion in a far land.

Amid her strong and noisy nationality this is

surely a remarkable and anomalous pronunciation of the American mind. How is it that the land which "whips creation" in every other product under the sun, neglecting the poetic mines that lie deeply imbedded in her own soil, consents to look thus constantly abroad for her spiritualities? How is it that her sons, who wear the new costume of their condition with an ostentation so preposterous, put on the old threadbare garments of the past whenever they sit down to the lyre? While the prosaic American is acting poetry without knowing it, building up new cities in a night (to speak figuratively), as the poet in the old time reared his fabrics, the bard his brother is haunting the ruins of the European past. The Transatlantic Muse is an exile, as much as in the days of the pilgrim fathers. Her aspect is that of an emigrant, who has found no settlement; her talk that of one who "fain would be hame to her ain countree." In a word, "all things that creep on the face of the earth" have gone up with the American to his new ark of refuge, and naturalized themselves there; but again and again the dove is sent forth to bring in the olive-branch of song from a far distance.

As we have hinted, this volume of Mr. Longfellow's is a mere European excursion of the kind. Bruges, Nuremberg, the Norman Baron, Walter von der Vogelweide, and a host of Germans beside, are a list of themes testifying anew how fondly the—as yet—inactive imagination of America turns for its inspiration to a foreign past. Newly aroused and half-awakened, its first images are of the broken dreams that have haunted its long slumber, or the things of yesterday that lie beyond. It has had no time yet to look about it, and catch the impressions of that coming day of which America is in the morning.—After all, there is nothing unnatural in this tendency of the young Muse, in a land circumstanced as hers is:—nay, her very looking back is a poetical sign. Stunned by the rush of life and the whirl of wheels about her, finding scarcely an audience amid the striving and jostling and shouting crowds in this busy American time,—which is not yet the hour of the minstrels,—her first instinct is for that contrast which is one of the great poetical elements; and, led directly thither by her memories, she finds it among the historic ruins of Europe and the long dim solitudes of the past. Hence it is that we have the new-touched instinct of song borrowing the old tunes,—the eternal figures of poetic song reproduced in copies from old masters,—the ancient saws illustrated by the ancient instances. Something like a consciousness of this youthful and unauthoritative condition of the American Muse—a sense of singing where there are no echoes—a feeling of the poet's isolation—haunts and colours the poetry of Mr. Longfellow. That his country will yet have her own poetic day, it were folly to doubt;—but it is not now. When the eye of her imagination shall be brighter to see, and her wing stronger to lift her above the turmoil around, she will know that she need not travel so far for her morals,—even those which contrast suggests,—and that the low, sweet, oracular voices, which she hears now amid the grey ruin and by the mossy stone, are daily prophesying in her own crowded streets. The first great poet that shall arise in America will take his inspiration from those very themes and objects from which, in her young and imitative time, the transatlantic muse seeks to escape. He will teach truth by American parable. The wisdom which is of all time and of every land will be presented by him in the especial forms and striking aspects which she has chosen for herself in the country wherein he sings. If the poetry of Europe be

her Past—and it is *not* so save, in the qualified sense—the poetry of America, is at any rate, her Future. Everywhere the past is but the poem of the Epic; but this is so especially in America.—Mr. Longfellow himself has, at times, a revelation of the poet's high mission, readers of his poetry know:—

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,—  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colours seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.  
Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

For himself, however, Mr. Longfellow is content with a humbler duty—satisfied to be, in his own person, a translator of some of the minor morals of nature, and tune his lyre to the utterance of the "low sweet music of humanity." The scope and purpose of his poetical ambition as the seems to be shadowed forth in—

*The Arrow and the Song.*

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.  
I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?  
Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Accordingly his lyrics—the form he chiefly affects—are, as we have on former occasions said, full of sweetness,—touched with a tenderness which falls into the heart, and just so much of melancholy as tenderness rarely parts from. And yet, with all their natural sentiment, and free and unaffected flow, it is curious how plainly his European models speak through their music. An example of this simple beauty will be pleasant even to such of our readers as are familiar with the enjoyment already:—

*A Glean of Sunshine.*

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.  
The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.  
Here runs the highway to the town;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with thee,  
O gentlest of my friends!  
The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.  
Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they:  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.  
I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.  
"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born!"  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.  
Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

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And ever and anon, the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves  
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For he spoke of Ruth the beautiful,—  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,—  
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;  
Thou art no longer here:  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.

Our notice of this little volume, with whose contents we have already dealt in another form, will convince our readers, English and American, how gladly we welcome any breath of that song that reaches us across the Atlantic—for its own sake, and for the sake of its promise. As we have said, America will have her hour. Sons of the bards, the bardic genius will yet reappear, "after many days," among her people:—and meantime, Mr. Longfellow is one of the AVATARS of that coming brightness. Coleridge, Tennyson, and Wordsworth, have all their impress on his page: but the love of song and the sense of tune thus decidedly pronounced, will work in time their own higher results for America,—and Originality will come, in its turn.—The volume includes a few sonnets; and some translations from the European tongues—of which, whatever may be said of the translations, the originals were not without the process.

*Voyage to Stockholm*.—[*Voyage à Stockholm*.]  
By Amedée Clausade, Docteur en Droit, &c.

[Second Notice.]

In Sweden, as is generally known, the clergy constitute one of the four great orders of the state,—the others being the nobles, the burghers, and the peasants. Such has, for many ages, been the division; and it was confirmed in the new charter of 1809 and the following year, no less than in the Act of Union with Norway, in 1815. The nobles are numerous, there being about two thousand families; but as the heads only of each house sit by right of birth in the Diet, there are seldom above four hundred members present. The hereditary succession, however, will soon come to an end, and there will be an elective Chamber of Peers. Even the nobles have sanctioned the principle, which they consider better adapted to the progressive wants of society. The clergy are represented by their eleven bishops, and by a certain number of deputies from each diocese. "In general," says our author, "about three parishes return one deputy;" but either this is inaccurate, or there must be some mistake as to the total number of clerical deputies, which he estimates at about sixty only, including the bishops, and four lay members from the two Universities, Upsala and Lund. This calculation would reduce the number of parishes to less than a hundred and forty, which, considering that the clergy are between three and four thousand, is a manifest error. The burgher deputies are returned by ninety-six municipalities. Of these, some depute three or four, some two, others one, and in a few instances several places join to return a single deputy. Stockholm returns ten. No deputy can be chosen under twenty-four; and there is a property qualification, usually determined by the amount paid in taxes: yet each deputy, whe-

ther clerical, noble, or lay, is paid for his attendance at the Diet. The most interesting of the four orders are, beyond doubt, the peasants; but care must be taken not to confound them with the wretched class which, in England and some other countries, passes by that denomination. The Swedish peasants constitute the bulk of the population (they exceed two millions), and occupy more than half the land in the kingdom. The majority of them might properly be called farmers, or rather yeomen, since their land is generally their own. The number returned to the Diet is about a hundred and fifty; and, for the most part, each rural district returns one or more, according to its comparative population and wealth. There are instances, however, as in the burgher municipalities, where several of the poorer or more avaricious districts nominate the same deputy: thus, in the last Diet, one individual represented thirty of these districts. All the four orders deliberate either separately or in common, according to the exigency of the occasion. They sit four or five months; but they are not annually convoked. By the constitution, indeed, five years may elapse between two consecutive convocations; but, generally, they meet about once in three years, or oftener if the king sees fit to call them together. Their functions are tolerably ample. Besides the absolute control of the public revenues, and of the legislative, they often interfere in the affairs of the executive—much, no doubt, to the annoyance of the king and his ministers. So jealous, indeed, are they lest the government should encroach on their own rights, that during their absence they leave a high functionary, the Procurator of Justice, to watch public measures, and to impeach any minister who may be thought to exceed his powers. But this is not the place to discuss the merits or defects of the Swedish constitution; otherwise it would not be difficult to adduce plausible reasons why the four Chambers, with their local feelings and separate interests, might be merged in one House of Representatives, with a Senate chosen either by the same constituents, or by the deputies of the four orders in union. The latter proposition was lately made, and, as before intimated, favourably received even by the nobles, whose hereditary privileges it went to destroy; but though there can be little doubt of its ultimate, perhaps of its early adoption, the Swedes are a cautious people, and will think twice before they act. It is, indeed, no light matter to effect a radical change in a constitution which has descended from an antiquity lost in the night of time. On the occasion referred to, it was justly and eloquently observed by one of the bishops, the celebrated Tegner,\* "We are required to expose the absurdity of the four distinct orders, and of the representation founded on them. Theoretically, I shall not attempt to defend it; but, at the same time, let us not forget that it is the work of ages. On these four columns the history of Sweden reposes, just as, in the opinion of our ancestors, the firmament reposed on the four dwarfs who upheld it. Remove these props—give us, if you will, such a constitution as the Spanish, which I admit is more conformable with acknowledged principles; but yet be assured that the sap which now circulates in the body politic will gradually be dried up—and in a few years we shall be reduced to the same deplorable situation as Spain is now in. In short, what is, and what may long remain, the most important part of a constitution, involves, not so much an abstract as a practical truth. Wherever the light of ancient recollections has been allowed to expire, the vitality of the people

is extinguished also; and those recollections will not be replaced by the gas of modern genius, however brilliant it may be." We would fain hope that the good prelate's advice would not be lost on his countrymen, and that whatever changes may be judged advisable, so as to keep pace with the constant progress of society, they will be gradually and cautiously introduced. Theoretic reforms, however good in the abstract, may be carried too far amongst a people unprepared for them; and too far they are always carried when the national, the characteristic genius of any country is overlooked,—when the experience of ages is thrown to the winds, as if it had no foundation in human nature, or in the wants of a particular community. Above all, whatever innovations may be introduced into Swedish society, no sacrilegious hands, we hope, will be laid on the still remaining rights of the rural poor. At present, most of those who have not the means to enter on a farm (which requires capital in Sweden as well as everywhere else) have still a portion of land which they cultivate for themselves, and in return for which they labour two or three days in the week on the ground of the landlord. Where the portion of land thus held is larger than the necessities of the tenant demand, there is generally a division of produce between him and the owner. There is a law against the subdivision of small tenures. It forbids any parcel of ground to be so diminished as to be unable to support three full-grown persons, one horse, a pair of bullocks, three or four cows, and half-a-dozen sheep or goats. It is, however, often evaded.

The head of this singular commonwealth, at the time when M. Clausade visited it, had gone through a fortune as singular as itself. The son of poor parents—a common soldier for nearly ten years prior to the Revolution—with no advantage of learning or of talent, and with little enterprise—Bernadotte, but for the event in question, would never have risen beyond the rank of sergeant. He had, however, one great merit—that of steadily pursuing his own interests; and by a moderation of conduct unknown to the rest of his brother officers, he won the respect of a large party, both in France and wherever he happened to be stationed. To the close of his career he pursued the same mild, quiet, unostentatious habits that had distinguished him in early life. Accessible to the very meanest of his subjects, his friendly demeanour would have rendered him their idol, had he been able to understand their language. But it is a singular fact, that though he went to Sweden in 1809, when only forty-six, he never could acquire twenty words of a dialect that is assuredly one of the easiest on earth. At all public entertainments, toasts were given or answered in his name by his son, Prince Oscar; and he sat amongst his people, gentle and good-humoured indeed, but no better than a log. From this circumstance, we should be disposed to infer an extraordinary degree of stupidity, did we not know that his judgment on most subjects was good, on military affairs excellent. Probably he was merely deficient in power of memory. To strangers he was no less accessible than to his own people; he never refused audience to a well-dressed person; yet from his ignorance of all languages but his own, such presentations must often have been irksome to both parties. With M. Clausade, however, who was born and who lives within sight of the Pyrenees, the case was very different. The humble stranger had private conversations with the monarch for hours together; and the latter entered into the history of his life, and espe-

\* Author of 'Frithiofs Saga,' and other productions.

cially the actions of which the motives had been controverted, with a readiness that proves how anxious he was to stand well with all Europe, and especially with the French. Here is an account of the first interview:—

Charles John was standing in the midst of the apartment. He wore a blue cloth coat, with collar and cuffs of light-coloured velvet, ornamented with gold lace, and gilt buttons, impressed with a marshal's staff. He wore boots with silver spurs, had on a white waistcoat, and black stock over a white cravat, and was decorated with the blue ribbon of the Seraphim, and the insignia of all his orders. On my hat which I held in my hand was a letter which I had to present. He took it, broke the seal, and having read, addressed some kind words to me: then calling to his chamberlain who stood near the door, he said, "Give the gentleman who has just left me the books, maps and plans which I have laid aside for him, and which he may keep in remembrance of me; and leave us to a little friendly chat!" He then seated himself in the embrasure of a window adorned with curtains of purple satin; and taking me by the hand, requested me to sit down by his side on a small sofa before the great bow window which overlooks the Steps of the Lions and the Bridge of the North. He was then seventy-nine years and four months old, but still vigorous and hale. Rather tall, his body was but slightly bent by years, nor was it encumbered by too much *embonpoint*. His hair was white; but his look had all the vivacity of youth; and his conversation, which was always copious and never flagged, had the additional charm of relating to great associations, and of being invested with interest from the memorable actions in which, like the Trojan of old, he might exclaim, "Et quorum pars magna fui."

That Charles XIV. has, on the whole, been a good ruler for Sweden, is undoubted. Besides many canals and many fortresses, she is indebted to him for good roads into Norway, for a fine military hospital, and (what would scarcely be expected from him) for a valuable library at Upsala. But the greatest of all his undertakings, and that for which posterity must ever honour his memory, is the navigable communication which he opened between Stockholm and Gottenburg, on a line of two hundred leagues. By its vessels employed in the Norwegian, British or West European trade can proceed to their destinations without being subject to the heavy duties exacted by the Danes.

Stockholm has several objects worthy the attention of strangers. Omitting the Museum and the collection of paintings, one of the most prominent is the Royal Library, founded by Gustavus Wasa, and greatly amplified by Gustavus Adolphus. It is not, however, so large as is commonly supposed—its printed volumes scarcely reaching 70,000, while the MSS. are only 5,000. It would have been much more extensive but for the plunder of Queen Christina; for the ease with which she allowed literary men to take the books away; and for the great fire which, in 1697, destroyed a great portion of it. There is one peculiarity which is worthy the attention of librarians in other places: each class of books has a distinct colour of binding. Among the MSS., the most curious is the Devil's Bible, so called from a fanciful representation of that personage, though it is also known by the name of the Codex Giganteus, and gigantic indeed it must be to contain not only the Latin Vulgate, but the works of Josephus, some treatises of St. Isidore, a chronicle of Bohemia, and several Opuscula. This rarity was brought from Prague after the conquest of that city. A still greater rarity, though much better known to fame, is the MS. of the Four Gospels, in the Anglo-Saxon language. In a Latin note, but in the Saxon characters, we are informed that "Alfredus princeps (et) Werburg comes suus" had bought this book from the pagans; that they had paid for it in pure gold, for the praise,

honour, and glory of God, and the good of their own souls; that they placed it in a church where the faithful might have access to it, each reader being expected to pray for the souls of the said prince and earl; and it expresses a strong hope, amounting even to a curse (God and the saints being invited to witness it), that nobody in future time will be so bold as to remove the volume from the church in which it is deposited. Who was this Alfred? Probably the duke, or as he is often styled king, of Northumbria, who lived long before the great Alfred, and whose zeal for religion and letters is honourably mentioned by more than one writer. The Earl of Werburg (his "comes" and "famulus") probably derived his title, not from the city of St. Werburg (Chester), but from some town or village near the mouth of the river Wear—possibly from the Monk Wearmouth of our own day; a locality subject to Alfred, which Chester was not. If the Latin note be genuine, and not the addition of some later age, the fate of this MS. is a singular one.

Upsala is visited by our author. Of its ancient history he knows as little as he does of the still more ancient Sigtuna, so famous in the pagan times. The only object of attraction there is the University. In 1842 it had 1,294 students on the books, of whom about two-thirds were resident. The purses for poor students—*stipendia*, as they are called in Sweden—are inconsiderable, the aggregate amounting only to some sixteen hundred pounds of our money annually. At matriculation, each alumnus is examined in Greek, Latin, German, and French; in history, geography, theology, zoology, and botany; in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and logic. Military men, however, and even lawyers, are exempted from a knowledge of the two dead languages; while ecclesiastics only are bound to acquire some knowledge of Hebrew. Of the students furnished by the four great orders of the state, there are—nobles, 125; sons of ecclesiastics, 347; burghers, 248; and peasants, 224; while those of the civil functionaries have 220; and of military men, 45; the rest belonging to no distinct classification. The scientific division gives, of students—240 in theology, 274 in law, 136 in medicine, 407 in philosophy, leaving 237 without any special distinction. The first three faculties are superintended by four professors each, while the last has fourteen, since it includes many other subjects than those which we assign to the term, such as literature (native and foreign), history, the languages, &c. To this last faculty, therefore, belonged the celebrated historian, Eric Gustav Geijer, who, in 1842, lectured with distinguished success on the history of man. "Historiam hominis, quantum in se est, publicè enarrabit," says the prospectus of his course. When the higher degrees are taken, one would suppose, says our author, that future study is quite unnecessary; for the formula advises the students to shut their books,—"Claudite nunc libros." Whether the advice be literally followed, we shall not inquire.

Our author, before returning to Stockholm, pays a visit to the mines of Danemora. Travelling in Sweden he finds to be a very different thing from what it is in southern countries. It was Midsummer; there was scarcely any night; and he was painfully impressed by the universal silence which reigned around him. Such silence in the long nights of other regions is too natural and too familiar to be noticed; but in the forests of Sweden, when the sun is still hovering on the horizon, or when the long twilight succeeds to its setting, the scene, and the melancholy sensations which it inspires, are too much for our author. You see the fields, the plains, the houses; but not a sound ruffles the

atmosphere: the beasts and birds are equally sunk in a repose, which seems that of death. Over a weak mind, superstition has now its greatest empire. Indeed, to a strong mind, the thought will involuntarily recur, whether you are not traversing some eastern region, where the wand of a powerful genii has consigned every living thing to everlasting sleep. In the day time, though the population is thinly scattered, the music of the birds, the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep, prevent this lonely feeling, especially when the upper branches of the pine trees are agitated by the breeze. There are no inns; but entertainment (such as it is) is always to be had at the post-houses, where the horses are changed. It is thus that the royal couriers, the mail, and private travellers journey, at the comfortable rate of some four miles the hour. But the entertainment at these huge barns!—tell it not in beef-eating England! A cup of milk, an egg, some cold salted meat, so tough as to defy the teeth of middle age, and a little black bread made from rye and chopped bark, are quite a luxury. One French traveller, after a hard day's ride, reached a post-house in Wermeland, and naturally asked for something to eat:—

My hostess had only a cup of milk and two eggs. I confess that my self-love made me quite willing to have both of them cooked, even though the whole household should be famished the day after; but the prudent woman would give me only one. "Another traveller may arrive, and we must have something for him!" The one egg which she brought me was spoiled in the boiling. While I was breaking the shell, she looked quietly on, and when she saw a young chicken drop on my plate, she coolly observed, "I thought so!" and went away. With great resignation I drank my cup of milk, and went to bed, thinking of the happiness which the next traveller, some days afterwards, would have in opening the second egg.

But M. Clausade fared better. By the favour of Government, a courier preceded him, and to his surprise he found three eggs, besides cold salt meat and coffee,—a profusion never exhibited perhaps before to any traveller under the dignity of prince, duke, or bishop.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Over-Population and its Remedies*, by W. T. Thornton.—Without entering at any length into an examination of Mr. Thornton's benevolent but rather vague views, we have to record, as a great source of the prejudice which has been raised against economic science, that a disproportionate attention has been paid to the laws which regulate the production of wealth at the expense of those which determine its distribution. The theory of population is more closely connected with the latter series than with the former, for there can be no natural over-population so long as the resources of a country are more than adequate to the support of its existing inhabitants. If the pressure of population be felt where such resources exist, there must be some defect in the distribution of produce—some artificial system, which renders the rich too rich and the poor too poor. A patient analysis of the conditions of existence in the two classes might lead to the discovery of the nature of the defect; and this once ascertained it would be the duty of statesmen to devise a remedy. We have no faith in artificial systems of human happiness; we believe that the more simple social legislation is made, the better will it be found in practice; and instead of asking parliaments to enact new statutes on the subject, we should much rather petition for the repeal of the old. Mr. Thornton relies on legislative interference: we believe that there has been far too much of it already, and that the objects of his regard, if they understood their true interests, would say to him, as the manufacturers of France did to Colbert, "*Laissez nous faire*."

*Thom's Three Grand Exhibitions of Man's Enmity to God*.—Theological discussions are so obviously unsuited to such a journal as the *Athenæum* that we

cannot be expected to discuss the very peculiarities of this volume. The work is of a thorough importance, and supports the provoked conclusion, that it is not to be met with, for it is a clear and convincing refutation of every Oceanic Work. H. Wright.—beginning with how it has been it were, the topics are a which is so offices performed as rock-makers' cakes!—lupin &c.; the ver to the imagin Spring Bu Winter Hours sional versus criticism. An Introduction success to the is one of the edited by a work consists judiciously of vegetable for a text-book an "introduction Cyclopaedia D.D.—This critical notice may refer to Euclid's Elements.—If we had we should like done in a manner of the character it is, and within Potts in several paying dissent a short but not her text book demonstration gives some method; the gauge, which looks as if it were a technical method of supplementing the left undemonstrated introduction to the usual First Steps M.D.—The individuals themselves do not empirically functions of not recommending the dissection much of the biology from them from life is so common in view, there being agreement already known to a Y study of Nature in this subject of analysis not fail to be book is also Aristocracy of Jan. 1840. 7s. 6d. Burton's Last Days of the Emperor of China. 7s. 6d. Burton, a Memoir of the late Sir John. 2s. 6d.



cannot be expected even to pronounce judgment on the very peculiar opinions which Mr. Thom maintains in this volume. The literary merits, however, of the work are of the highest order; the author writes with a thorough conviction of the truth and of the importance of his principles; but never attempts to support them by logical sophisms. If he has provoked controversy, he shows that he is not afraid to meet it, for he states his propositions with a strength and clearness which leave no room for misrepresentation or evasion.

*Ocean Work; or, Evenings on Sea and Land*, by J. H. Wright.—The workings of the ocean, from the beginning until now, are here traced in short chapters; how it has fashioned rock and valley, and been, as it were, the trowel of creation. Many collateral topics are also drawn into the general discussion, which is so divided, as to fix in the mind the distinct offices performed by the subject of the argument:—as rockmaker—polisher—valley cutter—treasure casket—lapidary—lizard's home—fish's battle-field, &c.; the very names suggesting a history of wonders to the imagination and to the reason.

*Spring Buds, Summer Flowers, Autumn Leaves, and Winter Hours*, by S. Shepherd.—A volume of occasional verses—not of force sufficient to command criticism.

*An Introduction to Vegetable Physiology, with References to the Works of De Candolle, Lindley, &c.*—This is one of the series of "small books on great subjects," edited by a few well-wishers to knowledge." The work consists principally of extracts which are judiciously strung together, giving a tolerable outline of vegetable physiology. It is, however, more adapted for a text-book in conjunction with a teacher than as an "introduction" for a beginner.

*Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature*, by John Kitto, D.D.—This excellent work is now complete. For a critical notice of its character and merits the reader may refer to *Ath.* No. 923.

*Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, by R. Potts, M.A.—If we had space, and the work were in our line, we should like to give this book a detailed review, done in a manner worthy of its elaborate character and of the care that has been bestowed upon it. As it is, and without prejudice to our differing from Mr. Potts in several of the matters treated in his accompanying dissertations, we must be content with giving a short but emphatic approval of the book as a beginner's text book. The separation of the matter of the demonstrations into short independent clauses, which gives some of the advantages of the pure syllogistic method; the perfect absence of the symbolic language, which, in various recent editions of Euclid, looks as if confusion between geometrical and algebraic method was the thing intended; the addition of supplemental propositions both demonstrated and left undemonstrated for exercise; and the historical introduction, are very good points. The work contains the usual six books, with the eleventh and twelfth.

*First Steps to Anatomy*, by James L. Drummond, M.D.—There is no means more effectual to enable individuals to preserve their health, and defend themselves from the practices of ignorant and impudent empirics than a knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body. For this purpose we would not recommend that people should use the scalpel in the dissecting-room, but that they should learn so much of the general principles of anatomy and physiology from books or lectures, as would prevent them from falling into the grievous errors by which life is so constantly sacrificed. With such an object in view, there are few writers more capable of instructing agreeably, than Dr. Drummond of Belfast. He is already known to the public as the author of "Lectures to a Young Naturalist," and the same love of the study of Nature which pervades that volume, is found in this unpretending little book. It treats the subject of anatomy in an agreeable manner, which cannot fail to interest young persons in its study. The book is also illustrated with several plates.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Agency of England, a History for the People, by John Hampden Jan. 1858. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Baker's Law of Auctions, 3rd edit. 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
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Carn's (Dr.) King of Saxony's Journey through England and Scotland in 1844, (Foreign Library) 8vo. 11s. cl.  
Confessions of a Pretty Woman, a Novel, by Miss Paroloe, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.  
Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, Vol. IX. 12mo. 1s. bds.  
Duffy's Library of Ireland, No. IX. 'The Casket of Irish Pearls,' 12mo. 1s. bds.  
Greenwell's (E.) Harmonia Evangelica, 4th edit. 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.  
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Kenrick's (Rev. J.) Essay on Primordial History, post 8vo. 3s. cl.  
Kugler's Hand-book of Painting, Part II. 'The German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools,' with Notes by Sir E. Head, Bt., 12mo. 12s. cl.  
Keightley's Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy, 2nd edition, 8vo. 16s. cl.  
Keightley's Notes on the Bucolics and Georgics of Virgil, post 8vo. 9s. cl.  
Lindley's (Dr.) Vegetable Kingdom; or, the Structure, Classification, and Uses of Plants, illustrated upon Natural System, 8vo. 20s. cl.  
Low's Catalogue of Books Published in United Kingdom during 1845, royal 8vo. 2s. swd.  
Liverpool (Earl of) On the Coins of the Realm, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. cl.  
Legacy for an Etonian, edited by Robert Nowlands, sole executor, crown 8vo. 10s. cl.  
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M'Neile's (Rev. H.) Church and the Churches, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
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Winslow's Inquirer Directed, 4th edit. enlarged, 8s. 6d. cl.

THE NEW FRENCH ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THERE are few of our readers who are not familiar with the clever things that have been performed by ladies mesmerically charged, and the strange things that have been written about them by ladies mesmerically bitten. But this very familiarity has done for Mesmerism what argument failed to do; and the interest of the thing as a minister of public excitement has to a great extent passed away, with the novelty. In this country, to be sure, where the national character has a fund of gravity beneath its very frivolities, the excitement of public exhibition has left behind it a residuum of faith; on the strength of which Mesmerism has retired into private practice, with Mademoiselle Julie and other jugglers of her class. But in Paris, where, as regards the multitude, a philosophy has no more chance of perpetuity than a bonnet without some change of its fashion, it has been necessary to introduce a variety; and this, as our readers know, has been done in the shape of a Magnetic Lady.

The new speculation is tolerably well got up; but the theatre of exhibition has been imprudently chosen—notwithstanding M. Arago's taste for pantomime and love of mystification. There are a freshness and naivete in some of the features of the entertainment, calculated to catch the fancy of the juveniles,—as there are varieties addressing themselves to other classes of a mixed audience. For instance, the lady attempts to sit down on a chair, resulting in that catastrophe to produce which is one of the pleasant, but rather dangerous, sports of mischievous childhood, would probably recall, even to some grave Academician, incidents of the kind in which, for an intelligible reason unconnected with his gravity of to-day, he alone furnished no contribution to the roar of laughter which is the usual obligation on such occasions:—while a faculty of attracting to the fingers, by merely extending them, any bits of paper lying about would be a subject of great interest and emulation to a class of persons not patronized in public assemblages, but ordinarily found there. That the programme of these entertainments should apparently present the young magnetic performer as positively and negatively charged at the same time, is a defect rather with reference to the audience chosen than the programme itself,—as the solecism would have passed muster quite well in the ordinary exhibition rooms, and probably even among the merely literary ladies of France.—Seriously, the Academy of Sciences has thought it worth while to appoint a Committee for the examination of these alleged phenomena. Three sittings have been held; and the result is what ought to have been expected.

The experiment of the chair succeeded several times on a principle closely resembling that adopted by the young urchins of private life, who push it away at the moment of intended occupation,—but which has never hitherto been called magnetism. They who

watched the young performer closely saw (as there would have been little rashness in predicting,) that, by a rapid and skilful motion, she drove the chair behind her at the moment of sitting down; and some of them stole so much of her art, by successfully imitating the feat themselves. The lady (for we cannot consent to give the name of child to so advanced an artist,) being required to cross her arms in front on sitting down, then executed the latter manoeuvre in the most common-place manner, and found herself thereupon installed just like any Academician. It became evident, therefore, as regarded this experiment, that the principle of repulsion did not reside in that particular part of the lady's person most exposed to accidents from its untoward operation; and Case 1. was "given up." The failure of Case 2. is but a corollary from that of Case 1. Candlesticks positively refused to exhibit the slightest antipathy to the presentation of the performer's apron; and tables remained unmoved at her approach,—save when she found the opportunity of reinforcing her magnetism by more material persuasion. Of course, the old excuse was offered,—the lady was not in her magnetic hour; and at most these results were only negative—which we are logically reminded, on such occasions, cannot be assumed as proofs. Luckily, Case 3. presented some positive arguments for the sceptics. The lady's physiological idiosyncrasy, as our readers know, does homage, it is asserted, to the north pole, by a sensation of burning when that end of a magnet is presented to her; and sensations not being cognizable by the outward senses, we could only have the lady's word for it. This seemed safe conjuring; but there was a test to reach it, notwithstanding:—and here the reader will be, at once, reminded of the tedious "thrice-told tale" of exposure in the cases of the clairvoyants. The point was to make the lady break her word; and accordingly, so long as the impostor could recognize the forms on which she had rehearsed, she "blew hot and cold" in obedience to the respective poles of the loadstone offered to her, like an instrument of the finest and most peculiar tune; but when magnetized bars were presented concealed in a handkerchief, or enclosed in a box, the fidelity of her feelings to the north pole became utterly indefensible. She warmed towards the south pole in a manner the most magnetically illegitimate.—Then came a last experiment,—which we think might have been final as regarded the whole matter. An empty box was presented to her, on pretence that it contained a magnet; and she, believing that it did, recognized, as usual, the absent influence,—and completed her own conviction.

Here, in all probability, would have ended this conjuror's performances, even in a common show-room,—and, with them, her pretensions to a new species of animal magnetism; yet the Academical Committee decided to give her another sitting, on the chance that the girl's phenomenal state might return. It is just to say, that some of the Academicians seem thoroughly ashamed of the affair. "The Academy," said M. Majendie, in answer to M. Arago's communication, "regrets much the part you have made it perform in this affair." "Such facts," said M. Poinset, "do not deserve the honour of an official committee; we should have waited." Just so. Having once entered upon the matter, the excuse put forward on behalf of some members of the committee for still persevering seems to be, not that they expected any different results for themselves, but that they desired to silence all future cavillings on the subject. But M. Arago would have seemed to reckon on something more. "It is only persons who think they know everything," he said, "who refuse to open their eyes to evidence;"—and he appealed to the resistance which Vaccination and the Lightning-conductor had experienced from Academies, as warnings against the rejection of what might turn out to be truth. The argument is a pure fallacy for the purpose for which it is used. It is true, no doubt, that all phenomena, real or pretended, should have examination,—because to assume the pretence to risk overlooking a reality; but not examination of this formal and ceremonious kind until they have a body of authority to recommend them to it. Isolated facts like these,—of mere unscientific assertion,—and certainly wearing in their first aspect the complexion of



fraud,—are not ripe for the grave and official consideration of a body of philosophers sitting as a high court of appeal. The proper mission of academies cannot descend to such eminent trifling. When the discoveries of Jenner and Franklin offered themselves, backed by philosophic argument, a long course of philosophic experiment, and philosophic names, the questions were precisely in that condition in which such Institutes as that of France were bound to notice them,—weighing the evidence, and thereupon adopting them into the family of recorded science by the authority attributed to them for such purposes. The rejection of truths so guaranteed was properly a reproach, as M. Arago makes it, to academical bodies. But if every individual—enthusiast or charlatan, or neither,—may knock at the door of the Academy, in the name of some phenomenal condition—real, or affected, or misunderstood,—of his own, the body of philosophers composing it are at the mercy of knaves and jesters and fools. The current jokes, which speak laughingly of idle questions that have been propounded to, and deliberated upon by, philosophical societies, gain the point which was wanting to them; and the dignity of science suffers with their own. The Academy will find on its hands, too, more work than it can well get through; and must exchange a very considerable accession of its labours against a large diminution of the respect in which it has been hitherto held by the philosophers of Europe.—That impostors, like Mdlle. Julie, should find dupes amongst our own upper classes, we are painfully compelled to attribute, with our correspondent of last week, to that want of sound education and philosophic thought amongst them, which is doubly their shame now that these are spreading through the ranks whom they have long affected to despise: but the admission of the adventurer within the very sanctuary of undoubted science is a fact yet more to be lamented; as giving, from the very highest place, what such diseased imaginations will be sure to interpret into something like a sanction—feeding the appetite for the marvellous, and confirming the loose and illogical habit of the public mind.

Since writing the above remarks, we have received the report of a further meeting of the Academy of Sciences, wherein the plot of the Magnetic Lady is wound up. None of the Academicians are actors in the concluding scene; but the catastrophe is simply announced by a letter from Doctor Tauchon, who introduced the "infant phenomenon,"—in which he states that the electrical curiosities formerly reported by him as the result of what he believed he had observed, have not been reproduced in his subsequent experiments:—and so, the lady goes back to her winding. Can anything more completely express the unfitness of such a stage for such an exhibition? The piece has scarcely had a three days' run.—Meantime, the minor audiences, to whom it is better fitted, are not likely altogether to lose their entertainment. Another lady has already appeared in the part in which Angélique Cottin failed; who, notwithstanding her hurried reading of it, is said already to enact wonders:—and it is very probable that the Torpedo at the Polytechnic Institution will not be long without a human rival amongst ourselves.

#### THE HORSE-SHOE LAKE.

Mr. Eyre and the *Athenæum*.

THE subject to which the following letter refers had, we hoped, been set at rest,—at least until the arrival of more positive information from the region dignified by the name of Lake Torrens. Sure we are that every reader of the *Athenæum*, who has also read the work of Mr. Eyre, must have come to the same conclusion as ourselves, viz., that no such lake is in existence. It is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion. Hence, with all our anxiety to humour authors who may feel themselves aggrieved by our critiques, it is not without reluctance that we give insertion to a letter from Mr. Eyre—at least to so much of it as relates to the point in dispute between us. We do so, simply that we may not be accused of injustice; for, to our thinking, Mr. Eyre concedes the whole question at issue. He admits, it appears to us, that his "Lake Torrens" is no "lake" at all, but "an extraordinary geographical feature," which he explains to be a "vast extent of low level mud." Why this, from first to last,—so far, we mean, as the existence of the so-called lake

is concerned—has been our argument; an argument cautiously advanced and briefly dismissed in our review of his work; and to which we might never again have referred, had not the review and the reviewer been somewhat discourteously dragged before the public by Col. Gawler, and very incautiously so, as the result has proved. As to minute points of difference, what do they signify? Mr. Eyre says he never personally went down to the eastern side of Lake Torrens, but only saw it from Mount Serle. Then why assert that it was an impassable barrier? Mr. Eyre says that, after reading Captain Sturt's despatches, he cannot find any paragraph to justify the statement that he and his men repeatedly crossed the so-called lake to the north and east. Then how came Captain Sturt to reach the eastern extremity of the (so-called) bed of the lake? And what inference other than that he did cross the said bed can be drawn from such passages as this?—"It may not be necessary for me to detail to his Excellency, for the information of Lord Stanley, the various minor excursions of from eighty to ninety miles, that I have made to examine the country, and to break our confinement." Unless Mr. Eyre can prove that all these minor excursions were directed to the east, it is certain that Captain Sturt must, "at various times," have crossed the eastern bed of the lake; for, as we intimated on a former occasion, the latter had been long encamped on its eastern arm, and he could not have removed to the west, south-west, or north-west, without crossing it. But this is mere trifling. The question was and is,—Lake, or No Lake?—a lake of five or six hundred miles in extent, as assumed, and called Lake Torrens, or Horse-shoe Lake; or a morass or swamp, as we hinted? And it appears to us that this, the only real question at issue, is conceded,—that the 'Lake' is given up, and a vast extent of low level mud now "reigns in its stead." As to exploring Central Australia with drays and sheep, &c. we cannot again enter on the question—let the no-issues of these Explorations decide between us: here again, however, Mr. Eyre "fully agrees with the reviewer" on "the desirableness of having camels for exploring a country like Australia."

Bath, 28th Feb. 1846.

\* \* In your paper of the 14th February, after making some quotations from my work, your reviewer proceeds to say,—“Let us now see how far the existence of this Horse-shoe Lake is confirmed by two subsequent travellers, both scientific men, viz., Captain Frome and Captain Sturt. In 1843, Captain Frome visited what is called ‘the eastern arm of Lake Torrens.’ Did he find any water? Hear him:—‘After crossing the low ridge above Prewitt’s Springs, lat. 31° 45’, forming the left bank of the basin of the Siccus, the plain extended between the north and east as far as the eye could reach, and the lurid glare of the horizon, as we advanced northward, plainly indicated the approach of Lake Torrens, which, from the direction I had followed, I expected to turn about this point. I was obliged, however, to continue a northerly course for the sake of water, which I could only hope to find in the ravines of the hills on our left, as high as the parallel of 30° 59’, where the lake was visible within fifteen or sixteen miles, and appeared from the high land to be covered with water, studded with islands, and backed on the east by a bold rocky shore. These appearances were, however, all deceptive, being caused solely by the extraordinary refraction, as, on riding to the spot the following day, not a drop of water was to be seen in any direction. The islands turned out to be mere low sandy ridges, very scantily clothed with stunted scrub on their summits, and no distant land appeared anywhere between the north and south-east, though from the hills above our camp of the previous night I could discern, with the aid of a very powerful telescope, a ridge of low land either on the eastern side of the lake, or rising out of it, distant at least seventy miles, rendered visible at that distance by the excessive refractive power of the atmosphere on the horizon. A salt crust was seen at intervals on the surface of the sand at the margin of the lake, or as it might more properly be called, the desert; but this appearance might either be caused by water brought down by the Siccus, and other large water-courses, spreading over the saline soil in times of flood, or by rain, and appeared to me no proof of its ever being covered with water for any period of

time.’ There goes one side of the Horse-shoe! and Lieut.-Colonel Gawler is not the blacksmith who can put it together again.”

\* \* Your reviewer ought to have stated, and must have been aware, that I never personally went down to the eastern side of Lake Torrens at all, but only saw it from a height (Mount Serle), at a distance of thirty miles, and that even thus it appeared to me dry, and was marked down by me as such in my chart. How far I erred in not attempting to take my party round Flinders Range, and by turning the south-east extremity of the lake, endeavouring to penetrate the hopeless desert to the east, may be best gathered from Captain Frome’s opinion, as quoted by the *Athenæum*, and from the fact of Captain Sturt and his whole party having been detained six months stationary, about ninety miles to the eastward and about a degree to the northward of this very point, unable to advance or retreat in any direction. The reviewer goes on to say:—“Still more unmerciful is Captain Sturt, who, not satisfied with destroying the side in question, demolishes, also, the top or chief part of the shoe. Repeatedly do he and his men cross the bed of the so-called lake, both to the north and east, without discovering a single drop of water. At the date of his last despatch (June 6th, 1845) he and they were actually encamped on the eastern margin of the lake, viz., in long. E. 141° 40’, and in lat. S. 29° 40’ 12”. What Mr. Eyre, from the summit of Mount Hopeless, declared an impassable watery barrier has since been repeatedly proved to be a sandy desert, and as practicable for horsemen and footmen as any other part of the route. About this fact there cannot be a mistake. The observations made, and the bearings laid down by Captain Sturt, leave no room for a doubt on the subject.”

Why does not the reviewer quote the passage in Captain Sturt’s report, containing the announcement that “he and his men repeatedly crossed the bed of the so-called lake, both to the north and east”? After carefully reading Captain Sturt’s despatches many times over, I can find no paragraph in any way sanctioning such an inference—on the contrary, the only part of the basin of Lake Torrens touched upon by Captain Sturt or any of his party was that portion unvisited by me, to the east of Mount Serle, and marked in the maps, as I have before stated, as being “apparently dry.” This point, or a very little north of it, was visited by Mr. Poole, from a camp at the hills a little north-west of the junction of Laidley’s Ponds and the Darling. The reviewer next goes on to say:—“But it may be said, if the existence of the lake to the north and east be disproved, the western side of the Horse-shoe, which Mr. Eyre examined on a line of nearly two hundred miles, has been proved to be a lake. We are afraid that it, too, must follow the other two limbs. Captain Sturt did not visit it himself, but he sent his able and indefatigable assistant, Mr. Poole. ‘Mr. Poole left me on the morning of the 18th, and pursued the course I had laid down for him until he passed latitude 29° 44’, when, seeing no likelihood of a change of country, and as, from his observation and reckoning, he considered that he ought to have been at the lake, he turned to the westward, and ultimately reached its shores, opposite to three remarkable peaks, laid down by Mr. Eyre. At this extreme end, Lake Torrens appeared to Mr. Poole to consist of a succession of lakes formed by the drainage from the hills; but he could not see very far to the north, in which direction it might have been unbroken. Its waters were slightly salt, and its bed was composed of black mud thinly encrusted with salt; and, although the lake appeared to be narrower here than Mr. Poole expected to have seen it, he says that the country for twenty miles, as you approach Lake Torrens, is so peculiar, that any one looking down upon it from such lofty eminences as Mount Serle and Mount Hopeless, would naturally conclude that the whole was the large bed of a lake.’ So, after all, the mud and water are no more than what have been left by ‘drainage from the hills.’ There is evidently nothing but shallow pools of water, formed, perhaps, by the heavy rains no less than by the drainage in question, and possibly augmented from some other source yet undiscovered. During the dry season such parts, beyond doubt, disappear altogether. It is a pity that duty should compel us thus summarily to strike out of circulation

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so vast a sheet of water (some four or five hundred miles in length), but there is really no help for it."

In reply to this most extraordinary, and to say the least of it, most grievous mistake, I have only to repeat what I have already stated, that Mr. Poole's journey was made from a camp at the hills lying N.W. of the Darling, and only extended to the eastern arm of the basin of Lake Torrens, a little above Mount Serle, and that neither Captain Sturt nor any of his party had, up to the date of his last despatches, been near or seen any other portion of that vast basin, and certainly had not been within 150 miles of its western side, between which and Captain Sturt's party intervened the high, rocky and barren mass of Flinders Range up to the latitude of Mount Hopeless (a point considerably north of their depot). How then can the reviewer assert that it has no existence? Or why does he attempt to insinuate that I had tried to impose upon the world an account of "so vast a sheet of water (some four or five hundred miles in length) which it is his duty thus summarily to strike out of the creation"? How does he reconcile this passage with his previous remark in the *Athenæum* of the 29th of November, that "As to Lake Torrens, Mr. Eyre himself owns that he never found water,—that he only saw from a distance what he supposed to be water"? Had he dealt fairly or candidly he would have told his readers that all my own statements and impressions were to the effect that the immense area of the basin of Lake Torrens seemed occupied more by mud than water, though appearing from certain points to contain water towards its centre. Why he should find so much fault with the name given by me to this extraordinary geographical feature I am equally at a loss to conceive, and should feel obliged by his suggesting any more appropriate one which would be applicable to the vast extent of low, level mud which I discovered, and which was bounded on the whole length of its western side, as far as I examined it, by a distinct elevated ridge resembling that of a sea-shore.

Among other grave charges brought against me by the reviewer, those of taking sheep instead of salt provisions, and of not taking camels instead of horses and drays, are most prominent. With respect to the first, I will only ask the reviewer, What would have been the fate of Captain Sturt's whole party if he had followed this advice? Even as it was, and with the advantage of abundance of fresh provisions when in camp, all those who made temporary excursions to a distance, and lived during these intervals of absence upon salt meat, suffered severely from scurvy, and one of the party, Mr. Poole, fell a victim to its virulence. Captain Sturt himself says, "It was about this time, the end of January, that Mr. Poole, Mr. Browne, and myself, began to feel the effects of scurvy. We had sore and almost ulcerated gums, violent headaches, a constant copious taste in the mouth, with other symptoms of the profligate disease. I had constant, though not profuse, bleeding at the nose. We attributed this attack to having been obliged, on our rapid journeys, to use salt meat, when weakened by the intense heat of the season; but as we took every precaution to check the disorder, we hoped it would have forsaken us." But of the sheep Captain Sturt remarks, "When I left Moorundie, I took a black boy, attached to Mr. Eyre, on the strength of my party, who has had charge of the sheep, and who has taken the utmost care of them, inasmuch that we have not lost one." On the subject of the "camels," I can only say that I fully agree with the reviewer in their great utility, and the desirableness of having them for exploring a country like Australia; but how were they to be procured and paid for? The voyage from the nearest point where they could be obtained is a long one, and the camel is but an awkward animal on board ship. In the few experiments that have been made to introduce them into Australia, the attempts have hitherto failed, and the consequent losses been very heavy. In my own case, I was not rich enough to afford to pay for such an experiment, even if successful, and still less to justify me in risking what, if lost, I could not replace. As it was, I sacrificed largely of my private means in carrying through the explorations I engaged in.

EDW. JOHN EYRE.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

WOULD you, perhaps—as we say in this country—give or procure some solution of the various problems contained in the following lines; which I read, and with ever-increasing amazement re-read, in the *Journal des Débats* of the 2nd of February, 1846? The subject is a French tragedy called 'Le Comte Julien,'—the author, the "celebrated" Jules Janin:—

"Cet ami de Lord Byron, Robert Southey, un des beaux esprits de l'Angleterre moderne, dont le bucher s'est élevé sur les bords de l'Adriatique, à la façon des buchers antiques, a écrit un poème, dans lequel ce Comte Julien joue le grand rôle." This friend of Lord Byron, this Robert Southey, the *bel esprit* whose funeral pile is on the shores of the Adriatic, stands in such wonderful relation to the austere pure poet and censor whom I once knew bearing that name, that human imagination seeking for contrasts can hardly find any more violent. Seriously, is it possible to show an ignorance more grotesque of all that has been passing for the last half century in the literary world of England? A subject (*par parenthèse*) perfectly foreign to the main one, and only dragged in by the ears to show with what easy, undoubting impudence it is possible to blunder. Need one wonder at any popular delusions where such are the teachers? But it would be unfair to take *au sérieux*, trash which is only poured out for daily consumption in *feuilletons*. Several very good articles have appeared of late in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on English history, politics and literature. I must especially mention M. Philartès Chasles' articles on Chesterfield and Burke, which are written in the best spirit, and with considerable knowledge of the subject. M. Chasles is greatly improved. Some of his articles now show a real and wide acquaintance with English affairs and English literature, and, as an inevitable consequence, fairness and sobriety of judgment. He does not indulge in those wild flights of imagination which are very commonly given out here with the oracular forms of profound political sagacity. He will do wisely to believe that things very often are what they seem to be; that every incident is not a plot; and that an over-fine nose for "*des combinaisons politiques*" is a dangerous guide in English affairs.

Who, for instance, can recognize our honoured countryman in this disguise, put upon him by M. Léon Faucher?—"Il ne faudrait pas trop s'étonner si Lord Lansdowne, déjà Chancelier de l'Échiquier en 1807, Ministre de l'Intérieur en 1827, Président du Conseil Privé en 1830, héritier d'un grand nom, et possesseur d'une immense fortune, avait vu avec déplaisir les préférences de la couronne se porter sur un cadet de famille, doté d'un revenu assez mince, et comparativement nouveau dans la carrière politique. Le caractère de Lord Lansdowne est trop honorable pour que l'on ait le droit de supposer qu'il ait poussé la logique du mécontentement jusqu'à dissoudre, de propos délibéré, la combinaison à laquelle il était appelé à concourir; mais le froideur qu'il y apportait a dû très certainement réagir sur les dispositions de ses collègues."

Lord Lansdowne will laugh, and well he may; but it is a matter of serious regret to see so honest a man and so clever a writer as M. Léon Faucher weaken his credit by ingeniously inventing motives for men of whom he obviously knows nothing. He tells us afterwards, that it is "le Duc de Buccleuch qui remit lui-même la présidence du Bureau de Contrôle, c. à d. le gouvernement de l'Inde, à Lord Ellenborough." But I beg your pardon for wandering out of your province and mine. I cannot take leave of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* without recommending you to read a very charming novel which it is publishing (in the odious bit-by-bit fashion of the day), by Madame Charles Reybaud. One began to fear that the graceful delicacy of touch for which the French were once so remarkable was extinct, and had entirely given place to the foul daubings of distorted things by which all good taste and good morals have been so long afflicted. But the Beautiful cannot die, though it sometimes sleepeth. And here we have a return to Nature; that is, to tenderness, grace, to delicate and varied emotions and characteristic traits. I know nothing of Madame Reybaud except from this beginning of a story; but I cordially wish her life and health to write many a one for the pleasure of this and other generations. The novel

is called 'Le Cadet de Colobrières,' and is as fine and touching a picture of the noble feelings and inveterate prejudices of high and ancient birth contending with the direst poverty, as the Master of Ravensworth himself.

M. Amedée Pichot has just published a fourth edition of his *Life of the Pretender, Charles Edward*,—a proof, not only of the merit of the book, but of the interest the French take in this portion of our history. It is curious enough to find Jacobite sympathies among very staunch supporters of the Orleans dynasty. Perhaps these sympathies are (as often happens) the offspring of antipathy. M. Pichot has made valuable additions to this edition.

An agreeable book to have—an "indispensable companion" (as the booksellers say of everything they publish)—in a country house, is a little selection, from the vast body of French *Mémoires*—the most amusing sort of literature the world ever saw—now, in course of publication, called the 'Bibliothèque des Mémoires.' It begins well, with the charming memoirs of Madame de Staël-Delaunay, and will end with the year 1793.

Improvements, restorations, and new buildings go on here with astonishing rapidity and vastness. New streets, new buildings in all directions—a new Church (in the Byzantine style, it is said) in the Place de Belle Chasse,—the rich and elaborate restoration of the Sainte Chapelle, already far advanced—the projected restoration of Notre Dame—the new Hotel for the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to be built near the Chamber of Deputies—these, and a hundred minor schemes and works, attest the prosperity of France, and the peaceful activity of the times. Though I see no signs of the architectural genius which has so often struck me in Germany, there is a general air of grandeur and magnificence in the new streets and buildings, which well accords with the character of Paris. On the other hand, there is an entire want of the sober quiet finish of London. Paris is a splendid slattern, and London a neat dowdy. Take your choice. People with whom the organ of sight is not the only avenue to pleasure and pain, may find the balance somewhat heavy against the former. The incredible and stunning noise of the streets, arising from the most clattering of carriages on the most horrible of pavements,—the disorderly driving and walking which exposes one, at every minute, to change one's course, to be jostled and pushed into the kennel,—the overwhelming stinks, (among which I must include the nauseating perfumes worn by the women, and even by some men),—the disgusting habits of the population as to various forms of cleanliness and decency; the innumerable inconveniences of the houses, want of water, superabundance of half-closing doors and windows: the mortal fatigue of climbing two, three, and four stories high to visit your acquaintances (the 3<sup>me</sup> Étage is not a whit less "genteel," as Mrs. Simkins would say, "than any other")—these things form the alloy of the glittering gold. On the other hand, I can well imagine the *triste* monotony of London to a Parisian who does not mind the noise, does not smell the stinks, does not feel the drafts, does not use the water, is bored by order and method, and likes splendour, variety, and vivacity.

And so we judge one another, each from his own *Standpunkt*, which, of course, he is perfectly certain is the only just one.

You hear and talk a great deal about the superiority of decorative art here. In a commercial point of view, it is unquestionable: in an æsthetic, I take leave to doubt it exceedingly. Or rather, I should say, I do not prefer false and corrupt taste to the absence of all decorative taste whatever, which characterizes English manufactures. The natural, characteristic aim of the French workman is, to make something that shall please the eye—pretty, if the reigning fashion happens to be pretty; but, above all, fashionable: "ce qui se porte"—"ce qui se fait." The interior structure, the utility, the *unscent* finish, the symmetry and harmony of parts, are quite subordinate considerations,—if considered at all.

The natural characteristic aim of the English workman is, in his own admirable and expressive phraseology—to "turn a thing well out of hand"—"to make a complete job of it." Everything must fit, must agree, must be suited to its purpose; it must not be polished without and rough within,—



awry, tottering. In a French *salon* (and how gay and pretty it is!) every piece of furniture is *café*, shored up with wedges and bits of wood that wouldadden an English cabinet-maker's face with shame. But of the sincerity and conscientiousness of English workmanship, we here know nothing, and do not care to know. "Ce n'est rien" is the invariable answer to any complaints of defects which are not on the surface. Perhaps people are happier so; and if they are, who shall say they are not in the right?

I congratulate you on the French paper-hangings, which you will doubtless have in abundance. They are among the excelling things here.

The bronzes, of which so much is said, and which are so enormous an article of export, seem to me the consummation of vile taste and coarse workmanship. The iron casting of Berlin approaches far nearer to the best models, both in design and in finish, than these tawdry sprawling things. Here they call them "riches," and tell you "*Cela meuble bien.*" There is, however, a most consoling exception. M. Collas, Boulevard Poissonnière, is, I believe, the inventor, at any rate the proprietor, of a process for reducing statues, bas-reliefs, &c., with mathematical exactness. I know no artistical manufacture (if I may combine the words) in Paris so worthy of notice as this. It will, of course, never be popular; for there is hardly a single thing that does not fly over the heads of the vulgar. But people of cultivated taste will find there an immense deal to admire and to covet. The first or largest reductions of statues are about three feet in height; the third, or smallest, about a foot, or rather more. For a very moderate sum you can have, admirably cast in bronze, the Venus of Milo or of Medici, the Suppliant of the Berlin Museum, the Diane Chasseresse, the exquisite bust of Antinous as Bacchus, and a tolerably numerous and extremely well chosen selection from the greatest models. There are also beautiful antique candelabra and vases. The same process is applied to wood carvings. Here are facsimiles of some of the elegant bas-reliefs of Jean Goujon,—among others, the charming bust of Diane de Poitiers. For the sake of less affluent lovers of the best things in Art, it is to be wished that M. Collas may be encouraged to enlarge his collection. What an advantage would it be to be able to surround oneself with those matchless things which beam upon the memory and the imagination. "*Da molte stelle mi vien questa luce,*" and each bright particular star of that firmament might thus diffuse its rays over the wide world, with diminished rays indeed, but still benign and holy. M. Collas would do well to visit Nürnberg.

There are very curious and pretty facsimiles also to be seen at the Bazaar Bonne-nouvelle, made in *papier mâché*, and imitating metal so as completely to deceive the eye. Armour, vases, cups, boxes, &c. are selected with taste, and executed in a remarkable manner.

The imitations of wood carving in hardened leather are also very attractive. In short, so long as we do not venture beyond the exact reproduction of the forms bequeathed to us by masters, we are safe. A good choice is all that is required of the mind : the hand and machinery do the rest.

Of course, I am not speaking of artists, properly so called—for such there are; but the end of this letter is not a place worthy of them.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE are sorry to see that literature is not yet to have the benefit of the new free-trade principles,—Sir Robert Peel not having been able to find a place for it among the liberalities of his revised tariff. An effort was, on Tuesday night, made in its favour by Mr. Ewart; who moved that modern foreign books, in foreign languages, should be introduced into this country duty free. At present, the duty on foreign books, other than classical, is 2*l.* 10*s.* per cwt.—on classical books it is 5*l.*—and on books having plates, in each case double: and as the doctrine of protection is not here involved—as native industry is not affected by the admission of foreign publications—Mr. Disraeli seemed inclined to think that such a duty on the free communication of thought amounted to one of the “Curiosities of Literature.” The House appeared generally disinclined to the tax; and Sir Robert Peel himself offered no defence of its prin-

ciple. He claimed it, for the present, merely as a matter of revenue; assuring the House that, in the endeavour to carry out his great and comprehensive measure, many duties were necessarily retained to which its spirit is opposed, because he had not the means just now of doing all it prescribed and all he wished. A sum of 16,000*l.* or 17,000*l.* a year, which this tax is understood to produce, is an amount of revenue seemingly too small to justify any impediment placed in the way of literary circulation: but the Minister's surplus is made up of such; and he appealed to the friends of his great scheme not to embarrass it by any attempts at further reductions, which that surplus cannot bear. Before these arguments Mr. Ewart and his friends gave way; and, though our especial mission may seem the defence of literature, we think they did right. The principle of the amendment was gained,—and the benefit will follow, in good time; but we, as well as the liberal members of the House, have other interests in charge than what seem merely literary,—though these have more ultimate connection with the intellectual good of the community, too, than appears on the surface. It is quite true that "man liveth not by bread alone;" but equally so that, in a mere selection of gifts for his use, the first and most essential principle of his mundane life is bread. We may even go as far, perhaps, as Sir Robert Peel, and give a preference over foreign books to "cheese and butter." To such necessities as these the question stands postponed—not abandoned. Meantime the Minister informed the House that negotiations for establishing an international copyright are in active progress with the French and Prussian Governments, with every prospect of success; and he hinted that the present retention of a duty like this might even facilitate such success, by leaving something in our hands to offer as a price for the reciprocity sought.—We may observe, however, that even when such treaties with the greater European states shall have been obtained, an alteration of the tariff, in the sense demanded by this amendment, will still be a measure to be desired; because there are many books published in the smaller states (the Italian, for instance,—with whom no such treaty can be hoped) to which it is desirable that the student should have access here, without any such enhancement of their price as is occasioned by the imposition of a duty. "Food" for the mind, as well as for the body, "in the cheapest market," and in every market where it grows!

Meantime, the urgent need of an arrangement between nations for the mutual recognition and protection of copyright is becoming day by day more apparent; from repeated failures on the part of the bookseller to devise a method for securing his property, and the monstrous character of the wrong as seen in the light of that clear and careful protection which is extended to property of every other kind. A recent trial, before the Court of Appeal at Cologne, between a Belgian bookseller and one of Aix-la-Chapelle, on the subject of a reprint of Thiers's 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' has determined that, in the absence of a convention between Prussia and France, not only can a foreign author have no right, in his own person, in Prussia, over his intellectual progeny, — but that he cannot convey any such right, for a valuable consideration, to a Prussian publisher, when his work has been previously published in France.

The Second Soirée of the Marquis of Northampton, as President of the Royal Society, was held on Saturday last; when, as usual, many objects of interest in the departments of Art and Science were on the tables for examination. We may mention, as what more particularly interested ourselves, a cast of "Charity," moulded out of pounded marble,—the particles being brought together by a cement so as to imitate the original marble; the effect of which was excellent,—though wanting something of the clear sharp outlines of actual sculpture.

On Wednesday last, the annual general meeting of the Livery Fund was held at the chambers of the corporation, Sir William Chatterton presiding. The Report showed the Institution to be in a prosperous condition. In the course of the last year 1,240l. have been distributed; and the improved state of the funds has enabled the Committee to increase the amount of individual grants, where needed. The

Surely, a congress of meteors, of the highest class, is assembling in the heavens! "What," says Signor de Vico, "can this crowding together of comets mean?" Two more have been detected; one by Herr Brorsen, at Kiel, on the 25th ult., and the other by Signor de Vico himself, at Rome, on the 20th,—following so nearly the same track in the heavens that the one may easily be taken for the other. It is stated that on Wednesday last they were only about fourteen degrees distant from each other. These make the third and fourth comets which, in the absence of moonlight, would now be *visibly* above the horizon immediately after dark; and of these two latter, if the air be clear, it is probable both will be visible to the naked eye on Sunday.

We hear that Earl Fitzwilliam has returned from Rome; and that the meeting of the Archaeological Institute to be held, at York, under his Lordship's presidency, is fixed for the fourth week in July, commencing Tuesday the 21st.—The subject especially announced for discussion at the next monthly meeting of subscribing members, which will take place, at 25, Great George-street, on Friday, April 3, is 'The Art of Design as applied to the illumination of manuscripts, and the peculiarities which mark the productions of each country.'

The subject of education in Wales was, on Tuesday last, brought before the House of Commons, by a motion for a commission of inquiry—backed by a body of reasons which would be nearly incredible were they not notorious. That there is, in the nineteenth century, a constituent part of the British islands at home, not only speaking habitually a separate language of their own, but even ignorant of general that in which the laws that govern them are made and administered, is a fact testifying loudly of the long apathy chargeable upon governments in the matter of education. Such a state of things is precisely that which a fanciful writer would conceive as the condition most favourable to the exercise of oppression and iniquity. If all Mr. Williams's facts may be accepted, there have been instances, in Wales, of jurors delivering verdicts different from their intention through ignorance of the language in which there were to be conveyed; and culprits condemned to die who listened with perfect indifference, because they did not understand a syllable of the evidence adduced against them or the sentence pronounced. At any rate, it is not disputed that 180,000 children, in the Principality, receive no education at all; and of 70,000 who do, many receive one which is merely nominal. At all these things the public have had glimpses before.—Mr. Trevelyan's reports and the letters of the *Times* Commissioner have thrown startling lights on the condition of this obscure and remote people. In the main, Sir James Graham did not contest the facts; and he even admitted that a knowledge of the English language might be an advantage to a body of modern Britons inhabiting the island where it is generally spoken. He showed, however, that something has been done in the way of establishing schools, particularly in the mining districts,—admitted the necessity of doing much more,—assured the House that the attention of Government was directed to the important object of improving the social and moral condition of the working-classes throughout the United Kingdom,—and finally consented to the inquiry which Mr. Williams demanded, though not in the form sought.

The Syndicate of the Fitzwilliam Museum, having obtained from Mr. Cockerell designs for the completion of the hall and staircases of the new building—for which Mr. Basevi has not left any settled design—have reported in their favour to the Senate; and recommended that he be requested to prepare working drawings and estimates of his designs, which were to be placed in the Fitzwilliam compartment of the public library, for the inspection of the Members of the Senate, previously to the presentation of a grant for the confirmation of their report.

The University of Glasgow has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Mr. Charles Mackay,—author

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Last week Metropolitan Police Commissioner Sir Robert G. Anderson, in his first Report to the Home Office, expressed his anxiety for the relief of the poor and the need to do good work. He said that the poor must not be allowed to be a burden on the good shall be a high and noble aim, and a gain, it is a mass of men and women, and visible to the address, the pocket, the time in any ability of the habitations, the promotion of the practicable and skill, the houses for dwellings, they pay which they that it was the poor but for them is shown that the removal of the always in the too transitory benefit the tendency to their self-interest. The proper house; but some a salary of one in no place. The ruin by the



of 'The Legend of the Isles,' 'Salamandrine,' and other poems, well known to our readers.

Letters from Demerara mention that that province is making a munificent provision for its agricultural chemist, Dr. Shier; who is to be placed on a salary of 1,000*l.* a year. He has addressed to the Governor a long sketch or outline of what appears to constitute the principal duties of the agricultural chemist, and the demands on himself, so liberally paid.

The French papers give long accounts of the funeral, at Clamecy, of M. Philippe Dupin—brought back from Italy by his son, to find a tomb by the side of his father's; and of the individuals and public bodies who crowded, in person or by deputation, around his grave.—The same journals state that Dr. Denouvilliers has been elected to the Anatomical chair at the Faculty of Medicine, vacant by the death of the late Professor Brechet—after a severe contest.

From Paris we hear of the death, at the early age of 25 years, of Madame Anna des Essarts, the wife of M. Alfred des Essarts, a writer of distinction in the world of the *feuilleton*, as many of our readers know; herself an author, since her fourteenth year, of novel, poem and romance,—of which she leaves a large body behind her. To Madame des Essarts was not needful the device which a French periodical insinuates,—for the sake of the joke rather than the fact, we suppose,—against a certain Madame Reverchon. Madame Reverchon advertises, in the *petites affiches*, that she has lost her manuscript tragedy, and offers a reward for its recovery. This the editor of the periodical in question recommends as an admirable contrivance for obtaining a literary reputation without trouble, and at no possible cost (notwithstanding the reward promised) beyond the price of the advertisement. "If Madame Reverchon," he says, "does not find her manuscript, I and a great many other honest people, at any rate, now know that she writes tragedies." We dare say, Madame Reverchon herself laughs at the epigram; but we should not in the least wonder to see the hint hereafter followed.—In the same capital, we see that the French Society for the Abolition of Slavery has determined to strike a medal in honour of the Decree of the Bey of Tunis, abolishing slavery throughout his states.

Last week, a meeting of the shareholders of the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes was held, to receive the first Report of the Directors on the object and progress of the Society. The plans of this Association for the relief of a great moral and physical evil are sober and practical,—combining an earnest wish to do good with that appeal to human motive which must not be lost sight of where it is hoped that such good shall be done on a great and abiding scale. In a high and ultimate sense, the cure of any social ill is a gain, it is true, general and individual; but the mass of men must be appealed to by their more direct and visible interests; and the philanthropist is right to address, through the speaking trumpet of the pocket, the humanity which cannot be made sensitive in any other way. Not speculating on the possibility of any private body of men providing suitable habitations for all the poor, even of the metropolis, the promoters of this plan yet "thought it might be practicable, by the combination of capital, science, and skill, to erect more healthy and convenient houses for the labourer; and to offer such improved dwellings to these classes at no higher rent than they pay for the inferior and unhealthy houses which they at present occupy."—The Report stated that it was no part of the scheme to attempt to assist the poor by offering them any gift, or doing anything for them in the shape of charity; experience having shown that, while the means afforded by charity for the removal of extensive and permanent evils are always inadequate, because always too limited and too transient, the gifts in such cases do not really benefit the recipients; but, on the contrary, have a tendency to injure and corrupt them, by lessening their self-reliance and destroying their self-respect. The proposal of the Association was, therefore, that the industrious man should pay the full value for his house; but that, for the sum he pays, he should possess a salubrious and commodious dwelling, instead of one in which cleanliness and comfort found no place. The necessary capital it is proposed to raise by shares; and the Queen's ministers, on being

applied to for a Charter from the Crown,—which shall limit the liability of the shareholder to the amount of his individual subscription,—have advised the grant. It was stated by Lord Morpeth that 8, 9, or 10 per cent. may be expected to return from the capital invested; but the promoters, determined to go no further in the direction of profit to the subscribers than will satisfy the temptation to invest, have, therefore, limited their dividend, by the Charter, to 5 per cent. Few, he said, of the railway undertakings, which have been so greedily followed, yield more than this; and few, however well adapted to the wants of the towns and districts through which they pass, can compete in actual good with the objects which this society proposes to carry out. A basis is thus laid, in the constitution of the society, for the progressive extension of its operations by its own means: but it was stated that out of 4,000 shares only 1,000 are yet subscribed for,—the very existence of the undertaking being hitherto little known, and an acquaintance with its true principles confined within a narrow circle. We gladly lend our columns to bring them under the notice of our readers.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE MALL.

The Gallery, for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.*

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMISSION.—Now OPEN, with a highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of REIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine), under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Renoux. Open from 10 till 5. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.* as heretofore.

THE CAMPAIGN on the BUTLE creating immense interest at the present moment, there are exhibiting at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION. Portraits of the most distinguished Men both in the SIKH ARMY and GOVERNMENT of LAHORE, taken by a lady of rank, distinguished in the Fine Arts, during her residence in India. Also, Portraits of Sir Henry Hardinge, Sir Robert and Lady Sale, &c. By means of the OPTIQUE MICROSCOPE, these interesting portraits are on a magnificent scale. Mornings, at Half-past Four o'clock; Evenings, at a Quarter to Ten. The LECTURES include those on ASTRONOMY, during Lent on Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays, COLEMAN'S WORKING MODEL, ascending and descending Inclined Planes, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

LOVE, the POLYPHONIST.—VENTRILQUISTISM EXTRAORDINARY.—Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street. On WEDNESDAY, March 15, and FRIDAY, March 20, MR. LOVE will present an Historical and Philosophical LECTURE on the occult Powers of the HUMAN VOICE and its Contributory Organs. After which a trip to Hamburg—Roberts, the Welsh Harpist—Love's Lenten Lucubrations—and other Entertainments. Begin at Eight. Admission, 1*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.*—On Thursday, March 19, at the Institution, 17, Edward-street, Portman-square; Monday, March 16, at Romford; Monday, March 23, at Peckham; Monday, April 6, at the Horns, Kensington.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—March 7.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair.—The Secretary read a paper, by Captain Newbold, containing an account of the Indo-Mohammedan Ephemeris of Alpoor, in the south of India, for the year 1260-61 of the Hejira, and 1766 of Salivahana, answering to the year 1844-45 of our era. The paper was curious, as indicating the fusion of the Hindu and Mohammedan races, and the adoption by the former of many of the peculiarities of their conquerors. The Ephemeris is Hindu, comprising the whole Hindu year 1766, and only parts of two adjoining Mohammedan years. It began on the 19th March, 1844, under the dominion of the planet Mars—an unpropitious star with the astronomers of the East, as well as among the astrologers of Europe.—An important division of this Calendar is that relating to horoscopes. Most natives have their nativities calculated by Brahman *Panchangams*, or Mohammedan *Najumis*. The Brahmans hold their office of astrologers usually by inheritance; and they have lands granted them free of rent in consequence, as well as other privileges. In the calendar, the proportion of good and bad luck accruing to persons of the various horoscopes is accurately laid down. The quantity of rain likely to fall is also stated: this seems easy enough; it depends wholly on the day of the week on which New Year's Day falls. On the year in question, the day being a Tuesday, the quantity of rain is decided to be under the average. After these calculations, the almanack begins. The months are given under the Hindu and Mohammedan names, and, as both are lunar, they might be expected to coincide; but as the Mohammedans reckon from the first appearance of the new moon, and the Hindus from the calculated conjunction, the latter usually begin their months a day earlier than the former. The most

interesting portion of the paper was the notice of a communication made to the writer, by a Brahman, of the names given by the writers of that part of India to the heavenly bodies, which he extracted from a palm-leaf book in his possession. The names were *Heli, Himma, Haima, Aspijit, Arah, Jivah, and Kondha*, for the Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Six of them bear a resemblance to the Greek names of these planets. Now, these are nearly the same names given by Mr. Whish, in a paper, printed in the 'Transactions of the Madras Literary Society,' along with twelve other names of the signs of the Zodiac, still nearer to the Greek names of the same signs. The book from which Mr. Whish quotes these names has never been since found; and that gentleman being an excellent Sanscrit scholar, it has been thought that the whole was composed by himself, and sent to the Madras Society as a literary mystification. If, however, it should be found that the copies of the work from which Mr. Whish alleges he took these quotations still exist in Southern India, it will be an interesting subject of inquiry to procure copies of them, and to examine into the evidences of their antiquity, as the genuineness of an ancient work containing the Greek names of the planets and signs of the Zodiac would afford a more decisive proof of scientific communion between the East and West than any that has hitherto been given. At the conclusion of the paper, some observations were made by the Director, who noticed the identity of the hebdomadal division, and of the names of the days of the week, as used by Hindus and Europeans; and remarked upon the improbability that the Hindus should have received these things from the Greeks, among whom they did not exist before the introduction of Christianity.

#### INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Feb. 23.—

A paper was read by Mr. F. C. Penrose, 'On the Curved Lines of the Parthenon.' On a recent visit to Athens, Mr. Penrose availed himself of the opportunity now afforded, by the removal of the mass of modern buildings and rubbish which formerly surrounded the structure, to measure with accuracy the steps and other remaining portions of the eastern front, by which he has been enabled to confirm, what was previously discovered by Mr. J. Penethorne, the existence, both in the steps and entablature, of certain curved lines. It appears that the upper steps of the portico, instead of being perfectly horizontal, are slightly curved, the rise in the centre being 2½ inches in the 101 feet; and the architrave, frieze and cornice have a similar rise, probably for the purpose of correcting the appearance of depression in the middle, an effect observable in perfectly straight horizontal lines. The same curvatures are found to exist in other Greek temples, and in the temple at Segesta, in Sicily, whilst in the Great Temple at Pestum, they are confined to the fronts—the stylobate and entablature of the flanks being horizontal. Mr. Penrose had likewise an opportunity of measuring the shafts of the columns with great accuracy, and determining that the *entasis* is an hyperbolic curve. There are still, says Mr. Penrose, several dimensions only approximately determined—it is of the utmost importance that the great buildings of antiquity should be accurately and scientifically measured with the best possible instruments, with a view to determining from the stones themselves, the amount of disturbance they have experienced from time and other causes; and I would (said he) willingly offer my services, and provide the necessary instruments, if we could induce Government to patronize the scheme, and provide good and sufficient scaffolds about the buildings; I would propose that the Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, the Temples at Pestum, and the Pantheon, at Rome, should be scientifically measured. Mr. Penrose likewise alluded incidentally to the great advantage that would be derived from the adoption of the decimal system of measures.—Mr. J. I. Scholes exhibited several drawings to elucidate the mode of construction adopted, particularly in the entablature and pediment.

The successful competitors for the Prize Medals of the Institute, for the year 1845, were then announced as follows:—To Mr. T. Worthington, of Manchester, the Medal of the Institute for the best Essay on the History and Manufacture of Bricks. To Mr. S. J. Nicholl, the Medal of Merit,

for his essay on the same subject; and to Mr. J. F. Wadmore, of Upper Clapton, the Medal of Merit, for a Design for a Royal Chapel.

March 9.—J. B. Papworth, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. E. Woodthorpe was elected a Fellow. Amongst the donations announced, was a Medal struck by the Society for the Encouragement of the Industrial Arts in Prussia, in honour of their President, the Chevalier Beuth, presented by the Chevalier Hebel, who likewise exhibited Herr Ternite's work, 'On the Frescoes at Herculaneum and Pompeii' [noticed *Athen. ante*, p. 126].

A portion of the Essay, 'On the History and Manufacture of Bricks,' by Mr. Worthington, to which the medal was awarded at the last meeting, was read. Although the subject is one of considerable interest to the architect and antiquary, and was treated by the author in an able and comprehensive manner, yet, as the portion which formed the paper, comprised chiefly an account of the earliest recorded instances of the application of brick, both in a crude and burnt state, in the walls and structures of Babylon, Nineveh, Ecbatana, and other cities of Assyria, in China, Egypt, Greece and Italy, involving frequent allusions to the Sacred Writings, and lengthened quotations from Herodotus, Pliny, and other well-known ancient authors, as well as modern travellers, it would not be sufficiently popular for the general reader, to induce us to devote the space requisite for giving a lengthened summary.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—March 6.—The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair.—The meeting was held at the rooms of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George-street, Westminster. Among the presents were a collection of engravings, from drawings, of cathedral and other churches, also several etchings, by J. Buckler, Esq. The names of seventeen new subscribers, and four corresponding members were announced. It was stated from the chair that, as the Committee of the Institute were engaged in preparing a Memoir on the ancient roads, camps, and other remains of British and Roman Yorkshire, to be read at York, any information on this subject would be of assistance; and it was requested that all such communications might be sent to Mr. Newton, British Museum.

A letter was read from the Rev. R. R. Parry Mealy, giving an account of the further excavations at Segontium (Caernarvon). Extensive traces of buildings had been found, and some valuable Roman coins.—The discovery of a Roman pavement in Lincoln Castle was announced by Mr. Willson.—Two of the curious foundation-tiles, found in the Roman villa at Wheatley, described in the last number of the *Archæological Journal*, were exhibited by Mr. Parker,—some perfect specimens of Roman red ware, from Colchester, by Mr. Talbot,—and, from the same locality, some weapons and roundels of terra-cotta, inscribed with a number of strange devices and letters, apparently meant for classical designs, were submitted by Mr. Tucker.—These objects were of an unusual character; Mr. Birch pointed out on one of the roundels what he considered to be the imitation of the cartouche of an Egyptian king, copied from Champollion's work on Hieroglyphics; and noticed in the inscriptions other evidences which led him to suspect the genuineness of these remains.

The Marquis of Northampton exhibited several specimens of Greek Art. A specimen of glass, of the same manufacture as the Portland vase, ornamented with white figures, relieved on a blue ground, and formed like a cameo, by cutting away the upper surface; a rare and perfect specimen of Egyptian glass mosaic, of Roman times, and a fragment from a Greek fictile vase, on which was represented a shield, with the remarkable device of Taras riding on a dolphin, the well-known type of the coins of Tarentum. His lordship also exhibited a vase, inscribed with the maker's name, Nicosthenes, and remarkable for the curious manner in which the subject of a single combat was treated. Two Greek warriors are seen engaging, and below two cocks fighting, over one of whom is written the name, 'Æacides,' the patronymic of Achilles, the group above being evidently intended for that hero and Hector,—their contest thus directly and symbolically represented in the same composition.

Mr. Dearden exhibited a most remarkable bronze torques, found in Lancashire. Mr. Birch stated that the ornament on this curious specimen of British art was probably imitated from those strings of glass beads which the Celtic races were known to have worn, and which Strabo mentions among the articles of export to Britain in the time of Augustus.

Mr. Figg communicated a drawing of the fragment of a monumental effigy of a knight, recently found within the grounds of Lewes Priory. It is an interesting specimen of the monumental sculpture of the thirteenth century, greatly resembling that of Robert de Ros, in the Temple Church. The mail had evidently been gilt, the surcoat, belt, and remainder of the dress all painted. From the armorial bearings, it was conjectured by Mr. Blauw that the effigy represented one of the family of De Braose.

Several examples of Art in the fourteenth century were exhibited; by Miss Rhodes, a metal coffer, in beautiful preservation, engraved with several subjects, among which was a curious representation of an organ; by Mr. J. E. Payne, the matrices of the seal of John Lord Ufford, temp. Edward III., of a Burgess, John of Wallingford; by Mr. Jewitt, tracings of some paintings discovered on the walls of Beckley Church, Oxfordshire. Among the subjects were, a representation of the Last Judgment, St. Michael weighing the Good and Evil in the scales, and figures of St. Peter and St. Paul; a memoir on the character and present condition of these paintings was also communicated by Mr. Jewitt. A number of fine drawings of St. David's Cathedral, and the ruins of the College and Palace, by Mr. Buckler. Mr. Hailstone exhibited a large pyx, probably of English workmanship, of the fifteenth century, and Dr. Bromet the rubbing from an incised slab in the Church of St. Mary, at Oberwesel, representing the figure of a priest.

An interesting assemblage of objects of the Renaissance period of Art, was laid before the meeting, among which may be mentioned three monumental effigies of the time of James I., found in the precincts of the Abbey Church at Reading, by Mr. Billing; two small bronze reliefs of fine cinque-cento work, representing classical subjects, exhibited by Mr. Farrer; and an effigy of Lucretia, of the same period, with an inscription round the frame, taken from Ovid, exhibited by Mr. Disney. Mr. Farrer also submitted a cameo of Queen Elizabeth, mentioned by Lord Orford as the work of Vincenzio; and a shell mounted in silver, and ornamented with figures in niches, an exquisite specimen of goldsmith's work of the latter part of the sixteenth century.

Three curious Mexican idols were exhibited by Mr. Talbot.—Mr. W. Hilton Longstaffe communicated a paper on the ruined church of Sockburn, Durham.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—March 6.—The Marquis of Northampton, Pres. R.S., in the chair.—Prof. Faraday 'On the Magnetic Condition of Matter.' Dr. Faraday gave a popular account of the researches recently communicated by him to the Royal Society. A full abstract of which appeared at the time in the *Athenæum*, [see *ante*, p. 123.]

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Statistical Society, 3, P.M.—Anniversary.
- TUE. Royal Academy, 8.—Sculpture.
- TUE. Horticultural Society, 3.
- Linnean Society, 8.—On the Relation between the Velocity and the Resistance encountered by Bodies moving in Fluids, by J. M. Heppel.
- WED. Microscopical Society, 8.
- Ethnological Society, 8.
- Society of Arts, 8.—General Meeting.
- THUR. Royal Society, half-past 8.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal Academy, 8.—Painting.
- FRI. Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Professor Ansted 'On Coal Mining with Reference to Accidents from Fire Damp.'

#### FINE ARTS

STYLES AND METHODS OF PAINTING SUITED TO THE DECORATION OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

BY C. L. EASTLAKE.

#### Form.

THE treatment of form, which is applicable to pictures intended to be seen at some distance, has been already partly considered in reference to certain works by the great Italian masters. It is further to be observed, that the means employed to insure distinctness in this department of painting may, with-

out due caution, tend to confound its style with that of sculpture. It is obvious that forms are most intelligible when they are freest from peculiarities; therefore, when in any extreme case it may be necessary to counteract indistinctness, it would appear that a generalized treatment is indispensable. But in sculpture this intelligible appearance can only be produced by means of form; whereas in painting, colour (which in like manner admits of a generalized treatment) can powerfully contribute to such a result. The representation of figures of unusually colossal dimensions need not be supposed.

The grandest examples of painted figures on a colossal scale—the Prophets and Sibyls, by Michael Angelo, in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel—do not exceed 15 feet. In such representations, as those celebrated works prove, painting can still maintain its complete independence as compared with the sister art. The figures in question, though, strictly speaking, abstract conceptions, have the force of character of real beings. It is also to be observed that in the subjects by Raphael in the Vatican, the treatment of form does not approach the conditions of sculpture; as a proof of this it is to be remarked that the portraits introduced in those compositions do not appear incongruous. Thus, although it may be admitted that the most intelligible forms are those which are freest from accident, and that such forms must be best calculated for works intended to be viewed at some distance, yet it appears that, even in the most limited styles of painting, the degree of generalization which is necessary with a view merely to distinctness, need not be confounded with the more abstract beauty of sculpture. If, again, the subject should require an approximation to the latter, the full display of the proper attributes of painting, which may be compatible with the existing external conditions, is indispensable. Thus colour enables painting to vary its forms and characters consistently with the intelligible effect at present assumed to be requisite, and is therefore the department of this art in which an abstract treatment can be best adopted consistently with its independence of sculpture. In general, the region of the 'ideal' (the largest view of nature) is more safely approached by means of attributes which are exclusively characteristic of the art; the poetic impressions of each mode of representation are then of a distinct order.

But to whatever extent characteristic details in living forms would be admissible in the higher styles of painting, the causes referred to would unquestionably operate to limit the introduction of inanimate objects and accessories, and would influence their treatment.

It is unnecessary to repeat what has been before observed on this subject; a consideration in connection with it is however not to be overlooked. Next to the great requisite that each mode of representation should rest chiefly on its own resources, the works of great artists teach the principle that the noblest object of imitation should always be the nearest to nature. In sculpture, and in painting when employed to represent human action, this noblest object is life with its attributes of action and thought. When the field for displaying this quality is even confined to a head, it is still required that no circumstance represented should surpass it in completeness of imitation. Rarely in the works of the best Greek sculptors, or in those of the excellent modern painters, does an inanimate object exceed in truth the representation of the living surface. The contrivances with a view to insure this subordination are, necessarily, most daring in sculpture, in which certain qualities are in danger of being confounded with reality. It will generally be found that the employment of conventional methods (as opposed to the more direct truth of representation) increases in proportion as objects are easily imitable, and, consequently, in danger of interfering with the higher aim. Thus, to take an extreme case, rocks, which in marble are sometimes made identical with nature (thereby betraying the incompleteness of the art), are generally conventional in fine sculpture. Witness the basso-relievo of Perseus and Andromeda, and various examples in statues where rocks form the support of the figure. In order to reduce what would easily amount to literal reality to the conditions of art, the substance in this instance is, so to speak, uncharacterized.

In painting absolute identity of presentation and painted or far less artificial conditions of identity of superiority with all other in sculpture, priority, without artifice, are pictures. In considerable part not to be neglected, has subordinate means of the quality, with they were mere comparison. absolute identity it appears that measure uncl, to the object, principle is, art is permitted proportion as approached.

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In painting, the instances are rare in which such absolute identity with nature is possible. The representation of a flat surface, of coloured patterns, and painted objects, are almost the only cases; and far less artifice is sufficient to reduce them to the conditions of imitation. But as regards the necessity of superior truth in the living surface, compared with all other objects, the principle is the same as in sculpture. The contrivances to insure this superiority, without violating nature or betraying the artifice, are among the distinguishing merits of fine pictures. Inanimate objects may often form a considerable part of a composition, and therefore cannot be neglected; the colourists, as has been often observed, have contrived to give interest to such subordinate materials, by dwelling on a portion only of the qualities of the substance, and selecting such qualities, with a view to give value to the flesh, as if they were merely forced into notice by the existing comparison. In the instances in sculpture where absolute identity with nature is to be guarded against, it appears that the substance requires to be in a great measure uncharacterized; in the cases now referred to, the objects are only partially characterized. The principle is, however, the same in both methods; art is permitted or rather required to be apparent, in proportion as nature is in danger of being too nearly approached.

#### Colour.

The general treatment of colour which is calculated to assist distinctness, cannot be better exemplified than by the practice of the Venetian school. It may be first necessary to recur to the elementary facts before noticed.

It was observed, that an object in nature can only be apparent by differing in its visible attributes from what surrounds it; its distinctness, in a word, supposes the presence of some or more qualities which are wanting elsewhere. Thus the imitation of the appearances of nature is especially conversant with differences; it is opposed to (absolute) equality, and is founded on Gradation and Contrast.

The first, a difference of degree, comprehends Magnitude and Light-and-Shade. By means of their varieties,—perspective, depth, relief, and roundness, in other words, substance and space are represented.

The second, a difference of kind, comprehends Form and Colour; by means of which physical and even moral characteristics are expressed. Position, as an incommunicable attribute, belongs to the same category.

The possible interchange of these two sources of variety (as regards their effects) is constantly exemplified in nature and in art. An abrupt difference of degree amounts, practically, to contrast; the full scale of differences of kind involves gradation. Contrast itself is imperfect without the auxiliary element, by means of which equality even of antagonism is prevented and one impression predominates.

The great office of colour is then to distinguish. Each object in nature has its own hue as well as its own form, and hence the origin of the painters' term 'local colour.' This characteristic difference becomes more strikingly conspicuous at a moderate distance, when objects are seen as wholes, and in their largest relations and oppositions; for, in a nearer view, the eye is necessarily more confined to their component varieties.

On the contrary, light-and-shade, being common to all substances, and presenting differences of degree only, is less powerful at a distance as a means of distinguishing objects from each other; but in a nearer view, when its infinite gradations are appreciable, it is sufficient, without the addition of colour, to express the relative position even of contiguous objects, as well as of their component parts.

Accordingly, while chiar-oscuro in all its richness and delicacy is indispensable in pictures that are to be viewed near, colour is no less desirable in colossal works, or in such as can only be seen at a distance.

When employed under such circumstances by the Venetians, its larger appearance, above described, was selected in preference. The 'local hue,' displayed and influenced as it must be by what surrounds it, was especially dwelt on by them as a means of insuring distinctness. The union of due variety (a union which, in all cases, taste alone can define), with this integrity of local tint, has been considered to be one of the great excellencies of

Titian, who, nevertheless, changed his style—accordingly as his works were to be seen in vast halls and churches, or in ordinary apartments—from the most daring force of local colour to the fuller harmony of broken tints observable in near objects. The abstract treatment is more exclusively the style of Giorgione; by him it was first carried to its utmost limits, and was sometimes, perhaps, too indiscriminately employed, without reference to dimensions and distance.

The general style in question has been well defined (making some allowance for the stress on its leading attribute) by Mengs, whose observations on this subject are adopted by Fuseli. These writers observe, that "the breadth of local tint" referred to was attained by taking the predominant quality in a colour for the only quality; by painting a complexion, for instance, "which abounded in low tones, entirely in such tones, and by generalizing, in the opposite sense, another near it, of a lighter character; by painting a carnation, abounding in ruddier tints, entirely in such tints, and by depriving of all such tints its neighbour that had few." The aim being distinctness, qualities that were common to several objects were exaggerated in the one that had most, and comparatively suppressed in the others. The same principle, derived from the observation of nature in her largest aspects, was extended to every visible 'difference of kind.' The soft elasticity of flesh (ever a great object of the colourists) was, if possible, more than usually dwelt on in the neighbourhood of substances which, either from their general nature, or from the character which they were made to assume, were calculated to give it value; for, not only inflexible and sharp substances, but sometimes drapery was made to serve this end, independently of colour, by abrupt folds, and crisply-painted lights. The shine on the surface of skin was omitted generally, but most so when polished surfaces were near it; while these were allowed to reflect light like mirrors. Gradation supported the comprehensive system; colours were varied not merely in their hues, but in their mass, degrees of brilliancy, and other qualities. Vivid colours were, therefore, few, and thus the end even of distinctness was harmony. Lastly, the same breadth which obliterated differences in detail, obliterated them also, to a certain extent, and according to the scheme of effect, in opposing masses: thus was insured, yet without the appearance of artifice, that plenitude of impression which the eye requires.

It must be apparent that not all the contrivances above adverted to would be applicable in works intended for a near view. The emphasis on local colours, for example, is in them no longer necessary to insure distinctness, and, moreover, might supersede peculiar beauties; yet the example of the colourists may show how much of this greatness of style may be sometimes infused with effect, even into narrow dimensions.

The system of the Venetians comprehended other methods, which may be considered, in a great measure, peculiar to the school, and which were equally calculated to counteract indistinctness. Among the means adopted by them for securing such a result, their treatment of certain colours, as affected by light and shade, merits attention. The artifice was, as usual, derived from the observation of nature in the open air. At that distance where the entire object acquires its full force of local hue by the opposition of what surrounds it, the focus (if the expression may be allowed) of its colour will vary, according to the real depth or lightness of its tone. That focus will sometimes be in the illuminated parts, sometimes in the 'diminished light,' which we call shadow, accordingly as the particular hue requires more or less light to display it. All forcible colours are most apparent in their brightest parts, even when the light is powerful. All delicate colours are impaired, and sometimes nearly effaced, in strong light, and are then most apparent in their shadowed portions, where they become deepened by means of reflection. But, let the same object be transferred from the open air to a confined or less vivid light, and the effect is reversed; the shadows become dark and, generally, neutral, and the colour is displayed in the light only. The larger system, though adopted by the Venetian painters from habit and predilection almost indiscriminately, was especially employed by them in works

intended to be seen at some distance. Fullness and breadth were in such cases indispensable; and by a judicious use of the effects in question, they increased colour without sensibly diminishing light. The extreme and exaggerated instances of this treatment were generally in situations which admitted only of a distant view. The abuse of the style was indeed sufficiently guarded against by the principle, seldom forgotten in pictures of the school, that colours require in all cases to be more or less subdued and broken, for the sake of general harmony. This object was even partly attained by the practice referred to: the ordinary (and most commonly applicable) principle is, that colours should be neutralized in shade; but, in the excepted cases above described, where they are most displayed in reflection, they require to be, and are in nature, in a great measure suppressed and neutralized in their illuminated parts. This is assisted by the colour of the light, which, although assumed to be nearly white, appears comparatively warm on cold light colours, and the contrary on warm ones. Harmony, therefore, was also promoted by this method.

The influence of certain conditions on the leading departments of painting has now been considered. In this examination, the effects of distance on objects in nature, and also on their painted representations, have been adverted to. The two are not to be confounded; but the question respecting their relation presents no difficulty in a practical view. It is quite certain that the most distinct and easily recognized appearances are best adapted for pictures requiring to be viewed at some distance. The machinery of art is selected accordingly. The point, or degree of remoteness in nature, where colour is most distinct (that is, most large and powerful), is not the point where form is so; for figures must, even at such a moderate distance, be considerably reduced by perspective. It is not the point where outline is so; for, in ordinary cases, outlines are soon blunted by distance. The artificial combination of the breadth of general appearances with due distinctness of form is not dictated merely by the necessities of particular conditions, nor is it confined to particular schools; it is a liberty which all have taken, and is one great source of what is called ideal beauty; for the "enchantment" which "distance lends" is thus combined with precision.

Such are among the expedients adopted by the great painters, in order to counteract indistinctness. The considerations which weighed with them may not only be applicable in similar cases, but may show the necessity of employing the resources of art generally for the same great object, viz., that of satisfying the eye in order to affect the mind. The selection and adaptation of particular resources, with reference to particular conditions; the view of nature, and the use of art which may be calculated for different circumstances; have all one and the same immediate end. But the test of a due application and economy of the means fitted for such various cases will be, that their conventions should be unmarked, and that art and its contrivances should be forgotten in their ultimate impression.

It remains to observe that if the qualities in various departments of art above considered are fit for works executed under the conditions of dimensions, situation and light, before enumerated, then fresco-painting (supposing due practice in the method) is calculated to display those qualities. For example, its unfitness to represent large masses of shade is not objectionable, because such a treatment is not desirable according to the above conditions. In colour, the stress on local hues and the integrity of masses (not incompatible with harmony and due gradation) which have been employed by great painters in works chiefly intended to be seen at a distance, are quite consistent with the resources of fresco; while in form, the distinctness and simplicity which appear to be desirable are especially adapted for its means.

It has been already observed that the Venetian painters were in a great measure indebted to the practice of fresco-painting for that comprehensive style of colouring which treats objects and their surrounding accompaniments in their largest relations. The early rivalry in fresco of Titian and Giorgione, on the exterior of an edifice near the Rialto, in Venice, has been already noticed. Their works, chiefly consisting of single figures, were there



numerous. Besides that building, the following houses in Venice were painted on the outside by Giorgione. A façade near Santa Maria Zobenico, another near S. Vitale, two others in the same neighbourhood, the Casa Soranza, near S. Paolo, his own house, near S. Silvestro, and the Casa Grimani, near S. Ermacora. The houses painted in the school on the exterior, by Tintoret, Paul Veronese, Zelotti, Pordenone, Schiavone, Salviati, and others, would form, in each instance, a longer list.

The modern revivals of fresco on the continent appear to have chiefly had the Florentine style in view; it may remain for the English artists to engraft on this and on the maturer Roman taste the Venetian practice. It was formerly a question whether Venetian colour was compatible with the grandest style of painting, but that prejudice may be considered extinct. Unfortunately, the best of the Venetian frescoes were painted in the open air, and most of them live only in description. The frescoes of Pordenone, in Piacenza, and two of Raphael's (the Mass of Bolsena and the Heliodorus) in the Vatican, are probably among the best examples of colour in this method now existing. The last mentioned, according to every hypothesis, were painted under the influence of an artist of the Venetian school. Their date corresponds with the arrival in Rome of Sebastian del Piombo, whose powerful style of colouring may have been emulated by Raphael; and Morto da Feltre appears to have been employed on them. Both were of the school of Giorgione.

The resources which have been here dwelt on are to be considered as applicable, in many cases, to one class of conditions only. The different means and aims, which entirely opposite circumstances might require or suggest, have been already occasionally noticed, and may now be recapitulated; with a view to obviate the partial conclusions which a somewhat exclusive view might appear to involve.

The external conditions, relating to light, situation, dimensions and methods, at first proposed for consideration, were called "*causes of indistinctness*."

Let those conditions now be reversed. Let the dimensions of the picture and of the objects represented be such that the spectator may contemplate the work at the distance of two or three feet (or whatever distance may be requisite to insure most distinct vision). Let the picture be opposite the eye. Let the light be altogether adapted. And let the means of representation be oil-painting, the resources of which are all-sufficient for complete imitation.

#### *Consequences in Style.*

On the former principle these conditions may be called *causes of distinctness*. They are compatible with, and therefore invite the introduction of, all (agreeable) qualities which in nature can be appreciated only by near inspection. Such qualities now become characteristic of the style; for the above external conditions—involving a just adaptation of technical means, not only permit, but require that every excellence which was inadmissible or unattainable under other circumstances, should now assert its claims. On the same principle, provided the work can be seen with perfect convenience, the means before employed to counteract indistinctness may now be thrown aside—not merely as unnecessary, but because they may interfere with the complete representation of a new order of facts. These appear to be the general principles of the school of the Netherlands, especially in subjects of figures. The leading qualities which are the result may be thus enumerated.

The assumed near point of view permits and invites the introduction of a large proportion of low tones, all the gradations of which are now appreciable. These are rendered luminous by intenser but still transparent shades, and acquire richness from the scarcity of strong light. Accidents of light—not excepting sun-light, are admissible, and often even desirable; they are no longer in danger of interfering with the intelligible representation of form and colour, and may be necessary to give that degree of interest which the subject cannot always command.

The employment of perspective and foreshortening is unrestricted; the last appears to be avoided in no case in which it would be intelligible in nature. Varieties in the place or "position" of objects are especially sought in depth.

An assemblage of broken, harmonious, and nameless hues is next to be remarked, among which the slightest approach to what is called positive colour is effective. This sobriety has nevertheless the effect (with occasional exceptions in the school) of giving a predominant impression of warmth, and of thus vindicating the general character of colour as distinguished from mere chiar-oscuro.

The varieties of sharpness and softness in the boundaries of forms and in their internal markings, must ever exist where there is a background and light and shade; the relation between them is therefore the same as on a larger scale, but the extreme diminution of figures in cabinet pictures generally induces utmost precision in the sharper parts. Lastly, where each object may be discerned without difficulty, yet by means of delicate gradations of light can keep its place and thus be easily intelligible, details may be copious and forms altogether individual. Thus is again furnished the link between appropriate technical means and the choice of incidents, and hence the predilection with the masters of this style for the familiar and even trivial circumstances. On this last point it is however to be remarked, that where so much judgment and well-directed skill are present in the work, our respect is commanded even by the unpretending nature of the subjects; and where these are not offensive, they can hardly be said to diminish the satisfaction of the spectator who is alive to the higher objects of the artist. A greater danger to which this style is liable (in finished pictures where human actors form the subject) is that of making the accessories and inanimate objects truer to nature than the representation of life. This defect is, however, avoided, even in elaborate works, by the best masters of the school.

To conclude; the resources, whether abundant or limited, of the imitative arts are, in relation to nature, necessarily incomplete; but it appears that, in the best examples, the very means employed to compensate for their incompleteness are, in each case, the source of a characteristic perfection and the foundation of a specific style. As it is with the arts compared with each other, so it is with the various applications of a given art; the methods employed to correct the incompleteness or indistinctness which may be the result of particular conditions are, in the works of the great masters, the cause of excellencies not attainable, to the same extent, by any other means. In the instance last mentioned—the school of the Netherlands—it is apparent that no indirect contrivances or conventions are necessary to counteract the effects of indistinctness; on the contrary, all that would be indistinct in other modes of representation is here admissible with scarcely any restriction. The incompleteness overcome, which is here the cause of peculiar attractions, therefore resides solely in the conditions and imperfections of the art itself, which, on near inspection, are in greater danger of being remembered. These are a flat surface and material pigments; and these are precisely the circumstances which, by the skill of the artists in the works referred to are forgotten by the spectator. The consequences of the difficulty overcome are, as usual, among the characteristic perfections of the style.

The two extremes of "external conditions" and their corresponding styles have been here chiefly considered. The intermediate modes and combinations are innumerable; but in considering the question to what extent and in what respects the extremes of style may be compatible with each other, it will appear, on a review of what has been stated, that the grander view of nature and of the technical means fitted to represent it may be satisfactory in reduced dimensions in the department of form rather than in those of colour and light-and-shade; and that, on the other hand, the combination of the usual characteristics of small pictures with large dimensions, if possible in light-and-shade and colour, is impossible in form. The last-named attribute being the indispensable medium of the artist's conceptions, it follows that the interchange of subjects fixed respectively for the two styles can only be admissible as regards the treatment of grand subjects in small dimensions, and even then at the risk of the conventions of the grander style being too apparent.

**FINE ART GOSSIP.**—In moving the House of Commons for its thanks to the army which fought

against the Sikhs at Moodkee and Ferozeshah, Sir Robert Peel gave that assembly to understand that he should apply for a national monument to the memory of Sir Robert Sale. National monuments have been rare of late days; because the nation, in its collective character, has yet found little which it has deemed worthy of commemoration save the achievements of its men-at-arms. But if these should increase, the need will be more and more felt of a suitable edifice for the due representation of England's illustrious dead. The immediate want in that respect, it may be presumed, the new Parliamentary Palace will supply. But the limits of the accommodation which it is likely to furnish will, in all probability, be exhausted by a mere selection from those who are already candidates for such immortality;—and some building having a peculiar dedication and ample space, as at Munich and Versailles, would surely be worthy of a nation which has as many great sons to honour as the most fortunate of its neighbours. That it is not exactly in the spirit of the Sanctuary to set up the graven images of men in our churches, nor in the spirit of Art to plant them where either they must be inconsistent with their surroundings or subordinate to them, seems at length to be fully understood; and if Sir Robert Sale does not find his place in our legislative Wall-halla, it may be presumed that at least he will not be shut away for immortality in the Abbey, or set up among the stone giants in St. Paul's.

We hear, from Aix-la-Chapelle, that the King of Prussia has ordered the complete restoration of the Hotel de Ville,—one of the most ancient and remarkable edifices in Germany, dating from the beginning of the tenth century, and being the scene of the coronation of fifty-five emperors. To the Royal Society of Fine Arts at Düsseldorf is committed the supervision of the works; and Herr Rethel, the historical painter of Frankfurt, has already executed ten cartoons, representing so many episodes in the life of Charlemagne,—which are intended to be painted in fresco on the roof of the magnificent apartment called the Hall of the Emperors.

The Eighth Exhibition of the Society of Friends of the Fine Arts at Cologne is announced to commence on the 1st of July, and remain open for two months; and artists are informed that the Society will pay the carriage (not by post) of all objects of Art which shall reach their address a fortnight before that day.

From Paris, we learn that not fewer than 4,738 works of Art have been submitted to the jury, for admission into the forthcoming Exhibition of Modern Artists at the Louvre.—The Artists' Association close their exhibition of the works of their great masters to-morrow. Pictures by MM. Delacroix and Decamps have been added to the collection since we spoke of its contents.—From the same source we are informed, that M. Edouard Pingret, the historical painter, has submitted to His Majesty Louis Philippe a finished copy of his "*Journey of the King to Windsor*," representing, in a series of magnificent lithographs, the principal scenes of that memorable visit.

The French papers lament the death of M. Oscar Varcollier, a young painter of promise, of the school of M. Delacroix; who has been snatched away, the victim, it is said, of his devotion to his art.—The same journals mention, too, the death at Athens, of a young French artist of great ability, M. Titeux; when preparing to return home, after his three years' novitiate as holder of the "*great prize of Rome*," as it is called—the last of which years, by a new regulation of the Academy of Fine Arts announced by us at the time, is henceforth to be spent by the prizeman in Greece.—and M. Tietze being the first on whom it had fallen to fulfil the new regulation.—The French School at Athens, above alluded to, by the way, is now regularly installed; and Government is about to appoint a professor, for three years, to direct the studies of the scholars, as in the Roman Academy of which it is the supplement.—We may add, speaking of Athens, that its Museum is fast increasing in wealth; and that the Greek government has commissioned a French artist to make plans of all the monuments scattered over the province of Athens, for exposition in one of its halls.

**MUSIC.**

**SACRED H.**  
On FRIDAY  
ELECTION of  
Organ Vocal Per-  
Mr. George, Mr. R.  
The Chorus will  
Be seated Seats,  
Mr. Bowley, 23,  
Mitchell, 30, 31,  
and 32.

**ANCIENT C.**

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## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

On FRIDAY NEXT, March 20, 1846, will be performed A  
ELECTION OF ANTHEMS and CATHEDRAL MUSIC. Prin-  
cipal Vocal Performers—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Younge,  
Mr. Genge, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Laffer and Mr. H. Phillips.  
The Chorus will consist of above 500 performers. Tickets, 2s.;  
Reserved Seats, 5s. may be obtained of the principal music-sellers, of  
Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross; of Mr. Rice, 102, Strand, or of Mr.  
Mitchell, 30, Charing-cross.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—There could be no question with any one who was present on Wednesday, that the new arrangement of the orchestra is an essential improvement. The chorus is now raised at the sides, behind the body of stringed instrument-players, who are disposed more according to the arrangement of the violins, &c., at the *Paris Conservatoire* than formerly. The effect is one of much better proportion, and much riper equality between the bodies of vocal and instrumental tone than was formerly attainable. Now, too, the organist looks towards the orchestra—though as Sir Henry Bishop persists in conducting towards the Directors' box, and not in facing the forces under his command, the increase of precision and sympathy is as small as might have been expected. It might be clearly heard, too, that this remodelling of the orchestra did not, of necessity, imply any reconsideration of the style of performance. The same dragging of every movement—the same callousness to the possible introductions of light and shade—as of old, prevailed. It is needless to descant further on defects which have now become organic. Let us proceed to the more agreeable task of mentioning the novelties worthy of honour. One, which we regarded with great interest, was the appearance of Mr. Allen, as an Ancient-Concert singer. But for the manner in which occasionally he forces his voice, we should hardly have a fault to find: so much more intention and refinement is observable in his performance, than marks the efforts of the generality of his tenor-brethren. Yet he is, by nature, the least richly gifted among his peers. Mrs. Sunderland, the lady whose singing in 'The Messiah,' at Exeter Hall, excited much attention, was a greater novelty. She was introduced in what may be called the opening *soprano scena* from 'The Messiah'—in Handel's 'Pious orgies'—a selection from 'King Arthur,' and Horsley's delicious 'See the chariot'—through all which her voice bore her triumphantly. This is, indeed—allowing, as we must, for a certain harshness in certain of its tones—without contest, the most brilliant specimen of that rare treasure, a powerful *soprano* voice, we have recently met. It appears, too, to be produced with great ease, and gives the impression of being capable of any amount of flexibility. But, for all Mrs. Sunderland's steady singing of Handel (possibly learned in the good traditional school of Lancashire and Yorkshire *Oratorios*), she is anything, at present, rather than a finished vocalist. The management of her breath, the forms of phrasing, the high polish which every grace and cadence demands—or both were better untried—have to be studied, and studied closely, by her: as also, is that essential thing, a clear and unaffected articulation. With such means as she possesses, and so much time before her, Mrs. Sunderland may become anything she pleases: and it would give us pleasure, if our warm welcome and our earnest representation were to reach her with equal force: since the former is attested by the latter. The days of "*vox et præterea nihil*" are, happily, passed away from England and France at least. The other singers were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Hawkins, Machin, &c., and Signor F. Labiche. As regards new works performed, the most important were these: the first movement of a 'Te Deum' by *Il Sassone* (as *Hasse* was styled in Italy)—in which a phrase almost identical with the two last bars of 'My love she's but a lassie yet,' was repeated again and again—pertinacity making a show of science, while in reality it conceals want of invention, as *Bozzh* has since done more plausibly. The 'Graduale,' by Vogler, lost all impressiveness and significance, by the manner of its performance. This was carried through *fortissimo*—the movement, too, is obviously antiphonal; to give the due effect to which, the chorus ought to be more divided than is possible in the Ancient Concert orchestra. When will conductors and committees learn, that there are distinctions between Sacred and Service music, and

would be true to respect? Whether the glee, by Harry Lawes, 'Smile now again, O lovely Spring,' was sung as written, is somewhat questionable. The melody (for it is a harmonized air rather than a glee) is sweet, and but little antiquated. We can only further add, that so often to select Martin's Overture to 'Henri Quatre,' and so perversely to neglect Mehul's, is one of those pieces of *wig-wisdom* (to hazard a free translation of the epithet "*perquise*") which, "seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere" than at the Ancient Concerts.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.—Unless the contrivance of '*multum in parvo*' be resorted to, the *Athenæum* would become a merely musical chronicle—so many and so pressing are the entertainments tempting the critic to expatiate. We cannot but throw out a word of surprise that the *Sacred Harmonic Society* should continue to use the perversion of Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives,' called 'Engedi,' when Sir George Smart's edition is accessible, "assailed" of all offence. Nevertheless, we must add, that a more tempting evening of sacred music could hardly be made up, than by the Oratorio of Beethoven and the 'Lobgesang' of Dr. Mendelssohn. The Psalms of the latter composer have still to be heard in England; but as everything is coming round in its turn, even the 'Missa Solennis' of Beethoven at the Philharmonic, we will take patience, and expect these also.—The *Beethoven Quartett Society* commenced its interesting meetings, on Monday evening, with the well-known early Quartett in F, the Quartett in C of the Razumouffsky series, and the Quartett in E flat, No. 12; all of which were excellently played by MM. Sivori, Sainton, Hill and Rousselot. It may seem an Irish sort of recommendation to a quartett party, to take into consideration *trios* and *quintetts*; but, while speaking of Beethoven's music for stringed instruments, we cannot but call attention to the fact, that the master's four Trios (two of which, at least,—those in C minor and in E flat major,—are gems,) have not been given in London, with anything like perfection, in our remembrance. The Quintetts are better known.—The *Choral Harmonists* held their fifth meeting on Monday last; Miss Lincoln, Miss Lockey, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Machin, and Mr. J. A. Novello being among the vocalists. The principal features in the programme were, a Mass by Andre, and a too long selection from Spohr's 'Jesondina.' Of the inexperience of selecting dramatic music for these performances we have already spoken [*ante*, p. 205]. Andre's Mass contains some agreeable light writing, but as a whole is colourless and weak. The movements are short and fragmentary, and there is a general want of continuity and development of ideas. The few points of fugal writing are trite and commonplace, and the whole is a dilution of Haydn's weakest style.—The last of the *Sacred Concerts* was to be held at Crosby Hall yesterday.

**MUSICAL GOSSIP.**—We are glad to be forewarned of the re-appearance of one of our cleverest composers, W. E. J. Loder; whose 'Giselle,' we are now told, is to be given at the Princess's Theatre, on Easter Tuesday, with Mr. Charles Braham for tenor.

A first trial was held, on Thursday, by the Philharmonic band and chorus, under Signor Costa, of Beethoven's 'Missa Solennis'—which is to be given on the 4th of May. The immense difficulties of the work taken into account, nothing could be more satisfactory.

We hear that Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs and Phillips are about to associate themselves for the purpose of giving Glee-Concerts. These, as we remarked on the occasion of Mr. Roe's Madrigal Entertainment (*ante*, p. 129), can hardly fail to be welcome, if judiciously arranged: the avoidance of monotony, though difficult, is not impossible.

There seems no want of Symphonies which desire (and deserve) a hearing during the coming concert season. One is mentioned by Herr Molique—another, by Mr. Parish Alvars—a third, by another excellent harpist, M. Godefroid, in whose compositions we have always found much that raised him above the manufacturers of *solo* music—a fourth, by one of M. Godefroid's countrymen, M. Hanssens, nephew, we are told, of the gentleman who led the Belgian Opera orchestra last year. We have not, as yet, received tidings of any new vocalists likely to

"pleasure us"—counting Herr Pischek, and yet more, Herr Staudigl, as established favourites.

A magnificent Musical Festival is projected at Aix-la-Chapelle for Whitsuntide: to be conducted by Dr. Spohr, to consist of some two thousand executants, and to be "starred" by Mdlle. Jenny Lind—who will afterwards appear at the theatre, in the 'Alceste' of Gluck, among other operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Neither the opera of 'Nino' nor the singers gain upon us with increased acquaintance,—still less, we must add, Mr. Balfe as a conductor. A want of such decision as enables the wielder of the *baton* at once to lead and to follow the singers, and an apparent indifference to small instances of slight and slovenliness on the part of the orchestra, which we might hardly have noticed but for their novelty, are noticeable; short-comings to be allowed for on a first night in a new position, but which, when repeated, render remonstrance friendly; since, if not remedied, a general languor will creep over the performances, especially when the latter are sustained, as now, by third-rate artists. We are told of several new singers who are to have a hearing forthwith: Signora Pardini, a young Spanish lady wife of the well-known tenor, a Signora Brambilla, not in anywise related to the Brambilla, Signor Bensich, a baritone, Signor Castiglione, and Signor Frederighioni. Some of these, it is said, are to be tried on Tuesday in 'Ernani.' While speaking of the "probabilities" of the season, since some of our contemporaries are making a stir about the return of Rubini,—and the public has no *programme* to guide it,—we may mention having seen a letter from him dated within the last six weeks, in which he explicitly declares that he has closed his career, and shall be tempted by no offers to break his resolution. Much as we feel the need of any first-class artist at Her Majesty's Theatre, we cannot but own that Rubini is wise.

Little is to be advanced either in praise or disparage of 'Catarina,' the new ballet—our readers, it is to be hoped, excusing us from the detail of plot on these occasions, save tempted by some special interest or absurdity. Suffice it to say, that Mdlle. Grahn is the heroine: an *artiste* whose cleverness seems to delight in prescribing to itself strange tasks, yet still does not meet with the fair amount of recognition from the audience. In this one ballet, for instance, she introduces a *pas* with a gun, another with a guitar—both at variance with poetical possibilities: since how can a firm aim be taken, or a succession of chords struck, when the warrior or the minstrel is in rapid motion?—and there must be possibility, no less than poetry, in even that most factitious of entertainments, a ballet. Besides these, Mdlle. Grahn has a new *valse* with M. Perrot, a *pas* with a mask, and three changes of costume,—all effective, though a little over-elaborate. Mdlle. Louise Tagliani made her first curtsy in 'Catarina.' This very young lady has "a way with her" which reminds us, at a very long interval, of 'La Sylphide.' Having much to learn, she is fortunate in having so much time before her.

**HAYMARKET.**—On Thursday the comedy of 'London Assurance' was revived; the character of 'Dazzle' being played by Mr. Hudson, who, however, is not light enough for the part; and *Mark Middle* by Mr. Webster, who was rather hard in his delineation. Mrs. Seymour was unequal to *Lady Gay Spanker*; but Mr. Farren, as usual, excellent in *Sir Harcourt Courtly*. Revivals such as this are, of course, but stop-gaps for a few nights, until novelties, now in preparation, can be produced. We hear that a new comedy is in rehearsal: we believe by Mr. Sullivan.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—Sir Bulwer Lytton's play of 'Money' was last Monday produced here, with the peculiarity of an entirely new cast. It was on the whole well acted. Mr. Phelps presented all the phases of that variable and not very consistent character, *Eccelyn*, with tact and judgment; distributing the lights and shades with discrimination. The almost nightly practice in the highest range of parts which Mr. Phelps has now, for nearly two years, enjoyed at this theatre has had its natural effect in giving both ease and energy to his style. Mrs. Warner performed *Clara* with care and propriety;



but it is with much effort that she adapts herself to the gentler impersonations of the drama. The graceful and the innocent are not much in her line—give her, on the contrary, some repulsive frailty to embody, such as *Evadne*, and she makes sin beautiful. Mr. Marston performed *Dudley Smooth* better than we expected: Mr. George Bennet in *Sir Benjamin Stout* was rather too violent, but nevertheless characteristic. Mr. Scharf, an improving actor of much promise, in *Sir Frederick Blount*, was very good indeed; as was also Mr. Mellon in the pensive *Graves*, though sometimes exaggerating points. Mr. Young was not exactly suited to "stingy Jack" *Vesey*; nor Miss Cooper to his daughter *Georgina*. Mrs. Marston made an effective *Lady Franklin*.

**LYCEUM.**—A clever burlesque of the ballet called "The Marble Maiden," and under the same title, was last week produced at this theatre. The subject is one which, by suggesting the heroic and ideal, is equally fit for the highest and the lowest styles of treatment, just as it may be viewed from the sublime or the ridiculous side. Mrs. Keeley, as the heroine (not, however, as the sculptor's subject but his pupil's object), plays very effectively. Owing to her indisposition, the piece has been for a while suspended.

### MISCELLANEA

**Paris Academy of Sciences.**—March 2.—The report of M. Dupeyron, who was sent to the East to make inquiries as to the sanitary state of the countries, the productions of which, on their arrival in France, are subjected to a quarantine, injurious to importers, was received from the Minister of Commerce. M. Dupeyron expresses an opinion that it would be perfectly safe to admit without quarantine all that arrives from the whole of the Ottoman Empire, with the exception of the coasts of Syria and Egypt. On sending this report, the Minister of Commerce again urged the Academy to make its own report on the quarantine question; but added, that, if the Academy was not yet prepared to do so, it must at least return the official documents which he supplied, and which he has been waiting for now six months. M. Serria, a member of the Committee, explained the delay by the gravity of the subject, which he said demanded minute investigation and deep deliberation.

**The Upper Alps.**—The Continental papers mention an excursion which has just been made by M. Daniel Dollfus-Ausset, of Mulhausen, and M. Desor, of Neuchâtel, in the Upper Alps, where they remained several days, with a view to meteorological observations. They visited the Valley of the Aar, the Grindel, the glacier of the Aar, and the Abschung. They found but little snow as far as the fall of the Handeck; beyond that point it was more abundant, but of less depth generally than in former years. At the Grindel, where, in severe winters, it accumulates to a depth of twelve or fifteen metres, there are, this season, not more than seven. The temperature was never more than 7° below zero, while they were there. The adventurers are said to have observed some interesting natural phenomena,—which it may be presumed they will make public. They satisfied themselves that the glaciers continue their advance during the winter as well as during the summer.

**The Season.**—While the European papers are filled with paragraphs containing evidences of the extraordinary precocity of the season, there are letters from North America which exhibit a singular contrast with the former statements. In certain States of the Union, we are informed, and principally in North Carolina, Massachusetts, and Kentucky, the weather has been more severe than any experienced at the same season since 1719.

**Discovery of Coins.**—A discovery of coins, to the number of 900, many of them washed with silver, was recently made at Charterhouse, Somerset. They embrace the reigns of about eight or ten of the Roman emperors, viz., Flavius, Claudius, Aurelian, Tacitus, Probus, Carus, Diocletian, Maximian, &c., from A.D. 200 to A.D. 284. The place of this discovery is considered to be the site of a Roman town, close to some lead mines, and near a small amphitheatre; and over several acres of the adjoining lands the remains of ancient pottery, &c. are continually being disturbed by the plough.

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